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The Reporter

August 5, 1952 25c

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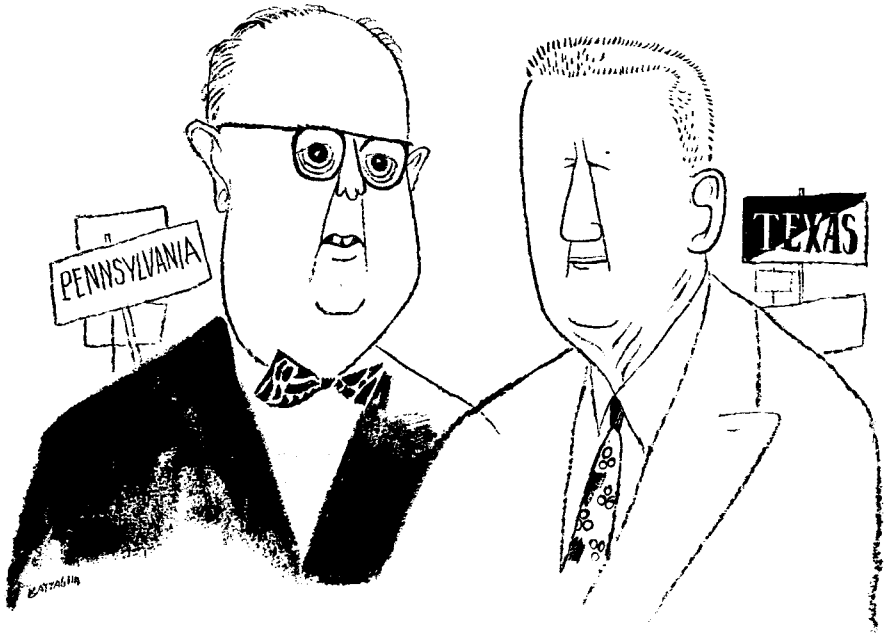
Glimpsed in Chicago— a Galaxy of GOPs



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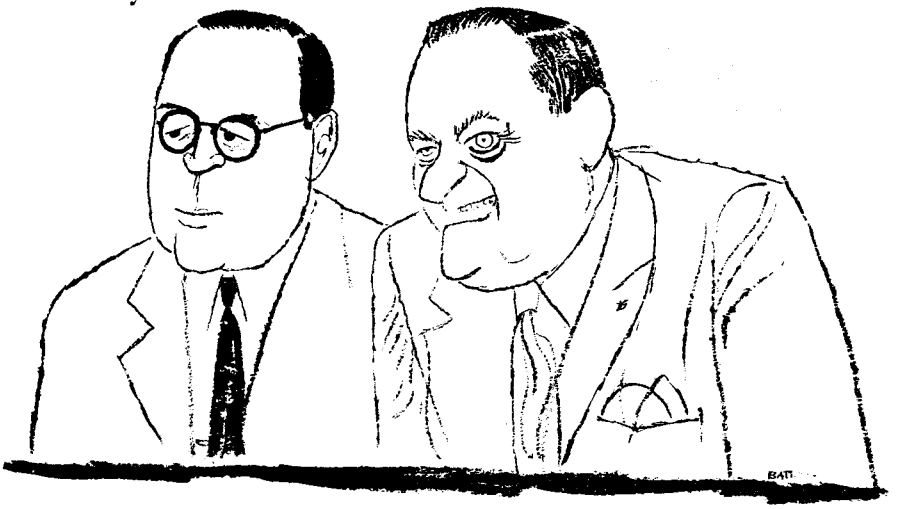

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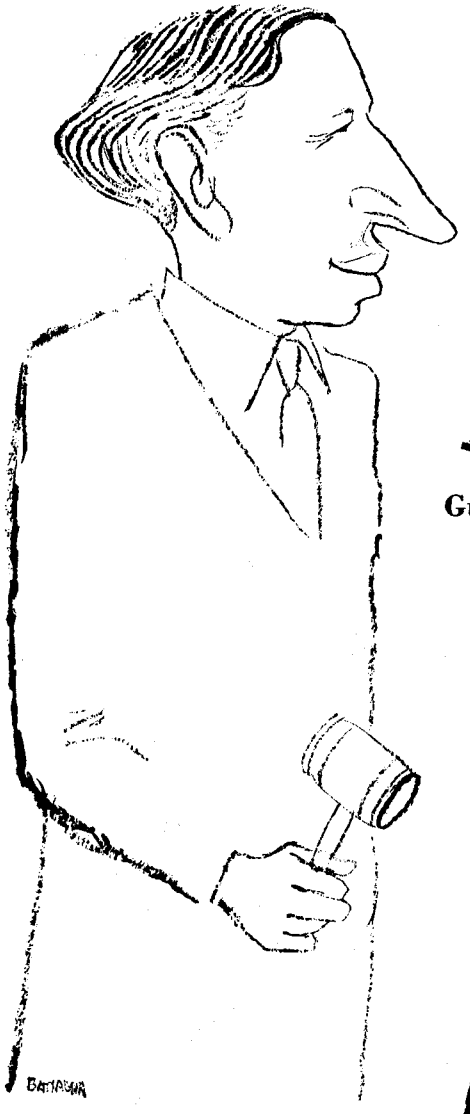

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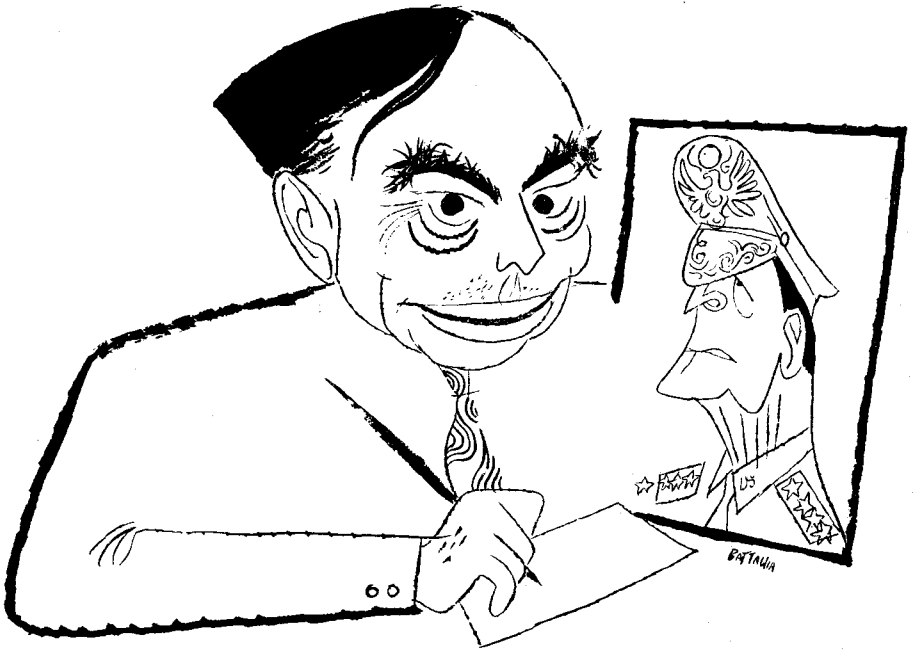

Joseph W. Martin, Jr., of Massachusetts

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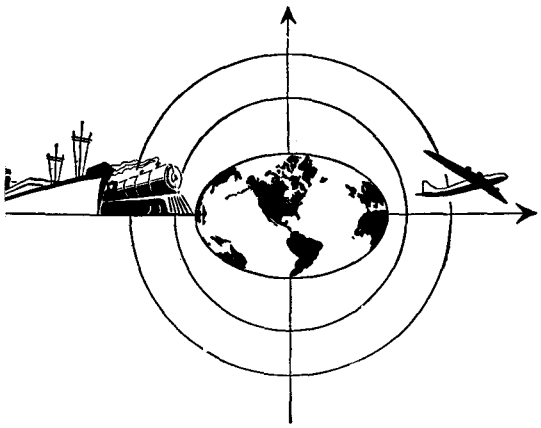

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Between Conventions

They are wondrous things, these Presidential Conventions. For two weeks, fortunately not consecutive, a great people—whose interest in politics is, to say the least, episodic—talks, eats, and dreams nothing but politics. No matter whether we cheer or boo, we share the same emotions that come to us from total participation in the same show. We are told and we repeat the same stereotyped phrases that reduce all our vocabularies to a rock-bottom super-Basic English, made up, at the utmost, of a few hundred words: "Clean hands," "He's a winner," "He can't win," "Fair Play," "Fair Deal," "Special privilege," "International cartels of Wall Street" (a cliché borrowed straight from the *Daily Worker* by the Republican right-wingers), "progressive," "liberal," "modern" (Republicans or Democrats), "mink coats," and "selling apples in the streets."

These unrestrained orgies of partisanship and factionalism within the same party provide all the people of the nation, from coast to coast, with an identical, all-absorbing experience. Briefly, the paradox of the Presidential Conventions is that they give the people of the nation a unique sense of mass togetherness.

THE PURPOSE of the Conventions is, of course, to designate candidates for the two highest offices in the Federal government. Yet, if you look at and listen to a Convention, you are inclined to think that what is called the United States is a loose, tumultuous confederation of rabidly independent sovereign states. Indeed, the rules for the selection of delegates are so different in each state that what is legal in some is considered criminal in others. In California, a candidate can run for nomination on both tickets, as, among others, Governor Warren and Senator Knowland have done successfully; in other states, like Wisconsin, there is what is called the "open primary," and a citizen can be a Democrat or a Republican for a day without violating any legal or moral rule. In some Southern states, such as Texas, as we all learned at the Republican Convention, to do what is legal in other sections of the country is evidence of moral or political turpitude.

The preferences of the citizens of New Hampshire were duly registered for Ike or Kefauver—and the voters had to take the trouble to trek to the polls across roads still covered with melting snow. But in New York, Pennsylvania, or Michigan, for example, the preferences of solid blocs of delegates —not to mention those of the voters— can be decided and delivered wholesale by the state party boss.

Yet the extraordinary multiplicity and intricacy of the system, all the differences in the methods of selecting delegates, add suspense and drama to the great celebration of party unity, the Presidential Convention. How could the state boss trade his bloc of votes and make his bid for a decisive role in the grand finale if the citizens had a chance to have their say? And how could the popular trends be ascertained or manufactured were it not for the guinea-pig states like New Hampshire and Oregon? There is consolation for everyone in the end, for while New Hampshire makes the front page in March, Pennsylvania does it in July.

Actually, our party system, for which the Constitution made no provision and indeed tried to prevent, has operated since the beginning, if not against the Constitution, at least outside of it. At the Conventions, the unity that binds the states to the nation is much more similar to that established by the Confederation of 1777 than to the one created by the Constitution of 1787. Each of the two parties pretends to represent the potential majority of the nation; but in its organization and leadership, neither has achieved the centralization and unity that the nation has reached. The impact of the *Federalist* papers has never been brought to bear upon our party system.

Yet when all is said, it is astonishing to see how these chaotic contrivances, the Presidential Conventions, these recurrent predictable cycles of routinized frenzy, somehow succeed in registering the people's will.

THIS CERTAINLY was the case with the Republican Convention. Even without a regular process of election, with each citizen casting, after due reflection, his or her ballot (the time for that will be in November), majority opinion made itself felt. What may be called the extreme right-wing position proved to be untenable. Everything had been prepared so that it could be proved over and over and over again that the domestic and foreign record of the last five Administrations had

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been a heretical aberration from Americanism. It seemed to be a sure thing, and to clinch it the attempt was made to summon up from the past the impact of a great speech once made by an old soldier who had faded away. Even that failed.

Newspaper and radio commentators will go on for a long time bringing forth their opinions on why and how Taft did not succeed. Political strategists will find more and more reasons for praising the winner and damning the loser. Yet perhaps the main reason for what happened is in the unanimous concentration of popular interest, all focused, irrespective of parties and motives, on the Convention. In darkness there is practically no political trick that can't go through. But not when there is so much light on what is going on, not when the whole nation is present. Television and radio, it must be added, have made infinitely easier the participation of the people in the great event. This participation, however, has always been an essential part of our crazy, unique—and responsive—Convention system.

SOMETHING happened at the Republican Convention that may ultimately bring some radical alteration to this 120-year-old system. There was an infringement of the states' rights to sovereign rottenness. The principle of "Fair Play," if it means anything, should lead to uniform, nation-wide legislation on the selection of delegates to Presidential Conventions. "Fair Play" is the Republicans' own political FEPC.

It is not unlikely that something of the same kind may happen in the Democratic Convention—in this case, about FEPC proper. Perhaps something is changing in these two loose party confederations, each one having the same name and different rules of the game in the various states of the Union. Perhaps the time is even coming when the G.O.P. can acquire in all truth the status of a national political party, with a chance of gaining power in every section of the country.

Yet, we must add, it is difficult to draw conclusions from what is happening during these Convention weeks. We are all together, looking at the same things, repeating the same clichés, all of us with a great deal more political interest and considerably less sleep than usual. Political thinking in these days is a drug on the market. We are all thinking at the same time, so it is as if nobody thought. Thinking becomes massive and collective, and scarcely gets a chance to go off the beaten path. Fortunately, this state of affairs lasts only for a few days every four years. There has never been anything like it in any other democracy in the world. Somehow the system does its job of uniting the people, of giving them a voice, and of selecting the contenders for the struggle ahead. Personally, we think it's wonderful.

The Puerto Rican

Everybody knows, of course, about that little Puerto Rican delegate who made such a rumpus the night when the decisive vote was taken at the Republican National Convention. The people of Puerto Rico, like those of other territories, are represented at the Conventions, although they cannot vote in the Presidential election. They have a sort of political citizenship within our parties, although they have no voice in our electoral deliberations.

That belligerent little man, Mr. Romani, probably does not know how representative he is, and at the same time how privileged. For there are hundreds of millions of people in the free world today who have elections in their own nations—just as the people of Puerto Rico have—but whose destiny is decided by the American government. The American government, in its turn, will be set up according to the decision of the American people next November.

Actually, the American constituency has become much larger than the American electorate. To be strong, America needs the support of its foreign constituents just as much as it needs a strong government at home.

INCIDENTALLY, the favorite son of our foreign constituents, the one for whose victory prayers were said in Paris, in Berlin, in Tokyo is, of course, Eisenhower. His name is magic among the friends of America everywhere. He can unite America and can unite the free world around America as no other man can.

Actually, before knowing who will be designated at the Democratic Convention, we dare to write that the only man who can lick Ike in the Presidential race is Ike himself.

—MAX ASCOLI

MIRROR, MIRROR, ON THE WALL

(Demagogue to TV)

Screen, screen, what do you see
When your eye is turned on me?
I see greed, impiety,
Arrogance, and fear
Crystal clear.

But listen, they are cheering me!
They are the ones who do not see.
You cannot hide yourself from me.
No fair word and no fine flourish
Obscures the viper that you nourish;

Rising on my screen
Is the unseen.

—SEC

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CORRESPONDENCE

FREEDOM VS. THE FULL BELLY

To the Editor: "A human being deprived both of material goods and of freedom," writes Konrad Kellen ("Questions Our Propaganda Must Ask," *The Reporter,* July 8), "will feel the loss of freedom more than hunger, more than poverty." It is with amazement that I find that the author of this sublime Big Lie is an executive of the very effective Radio Free Europe organization.

Resentment among the masses of people has not and will not come over the loss of that vague thing called freedom (especially considering Communist guile in purporting to give or expand freedom itself). It comes when the totalitarian government, because of the ineptness of its grandiose economic plans and the disproportionate cost of its politico-military machinery, produces a sharp drop in a good standard of living, as in Czechoslovakia, or the further lowering of a previously poor one, as in Romania and Bulgaria.

Sharp and specific little facts about the cost of bread and shoes before and after a Communist currency switch, as in Romania and Bulgaria, expressed in real wages, have a hundred times more hitting power in propaganda than Kellen's suggestion of whispering that the local Communist boss may really be dissatisfied himself, and other equally vague suggestions about just making the listeners think for themselves. There was all too much of different factions thinking for themselves in Kerensky's Russia, which originally spawned the Bolshevik Monster. There was an equally colorful latitude of thinking in the White forces that tried with such dismal ineffectiveness to throw the Bolsheviks out. And so there was in the Czechoslovakia whose Communist coup began the cold war.

EDGAR H. LEONI
New York City

To the Editor: Kellen believes the common people are made of conveniently different clay, don't mind hunger and rags if they can only suffer in "freedom," whatever that is. This is why the Voice of America and Radio Free Europe go in one ear and out both.

KARL RAKOWSKI
New York City

To the Editor: Kellen asserts that our propaganda should concentrate on convincing Poles, Hungarians, and others that the end of the Communist era can only be brought about from inside, that no outside interference is necessary. Suppose that I am living in Warsaw. Suppose that I am a clerk. I have to be in my office at 8 A.M. and work among my fellow workers whose livelihood depends on these jobs. I can read only Communist papers. I have a son who is a member of the Communist Youth and for whom the state provides everything, while I can provide nothing. My wife works in a factory where political meetings are held daily. We share our apartment (we had too many square feet for ourselves) with another family. In our apartment block there are several official political officers and a number of unofficial ones. At night I have to attend political meetings also. Around 5 A.M. we have to stand in line to get our food. We see hardly anybody for fear of saying a word which could be interpreted as anti-Communist. We fear nights as one fears arrests. And only occasionally, with curtains drawn, we listen to the western radio. Suppose that I suddenly hear what Mr. Kellen suggests? It is up to me, I hear, to overthrow the régime. What can I do?

Western propaganda should initiate thoughts, but it should discourage premature outbursts, partisan activities, and similar ventures that lead nowhere and serve only the enemy.

Because of changed circumstances the tasks of western propaganda are much more difficult today than they were during the Second World War. It was much easier to tell people what they should die for than to tell them why they should live in spite of their ordeals.

ZYGMUNT NAGORSKI, JR.
New York City

THE BIG BRAVE MEN

To the Editor: I think it's about time some of the glamour was removed from the big brave men who call themselves war correspondents ("Correspondents in Korea—Safety and Frustration," by Lee Judge, *The Reporter,* June 24). They sure have it soft compared to the life I led when I was over there. I was a Marine in a line company and the only time I ever saw a war correspondent was when we were in reserve and safely off the lines.

DON APPLEGATE

A SAD TURNOUT

To the Editor: Gerald Johnson ("Can the Republicans Win?" *The Reporter,* May 27) says of the "common folks" that "they are registered to a man, and four-fifths of them will vote, which is more than can be said of the Country Club set." Unfortunately, no group or class in this nation can boast that eighty per cent of its members actually vote. Altogether we generally average little better than fifty per cent. It is actually the professional and executive (or Country Club) class which votes most regularly—about seventy-five per cent at least once every four years. Other "white collar" groups reach sixty-three per cent; farmers are at the national average of fifty-two per cent; but the rank and file of labor record a sad forty-seven per cent turnout.

HERMAN MILES SOMERS
Haverford, Pennsylvania

ADLAI'S HANDICAP

To the Editor: In William H. Hessler's "two dialogues concerning the availability of Adlai Stevenson" (*The Reporter,* July 8) there is one point that is overlooked: the feelings of rank-and-file Democrats who braved snowstorms and write-in difficulties to vote for Senator Estes Kefauver.

The people voted for Kefauver because to them he represents honesty in government and opposition to the party bosses and party machinery. Yet Governor Stevenson may be drafted by the very elements that the primary voters disavowed in casting their ballots for Kefauver. No matter how able and honest the Governor may actually be, he will be seriously handicapped by the very people who are trying to draft him.

D. S.
Silver Springs, Maryland

'ONE INDISPENSABLE BOOK'

To the Editor: Charles Wertenbaker, in his review of Gerald Brenan's *The Face of Spain* ("The Proud, Hopeless People of Spain," *The Reporter,* June 24) refers to an earlier work by Brenan, *The Spanish Labyrinth* (first published by the Cambridge University Press in 1943). He remarks that this, "the one indispensable book to a foreigner who would understand that country, has long been out of print."

We call your attention to the fact that *The Spanish Labyrinth* has never been out of print since the time of its publication, and that a second edition was published by us in 1950.

BARBARA PERKINS
The Cambridge University Press
New York City

STILL AN AUTHORITARIAN

To the Editor: We are very much in your debt for the critical analysis of Whittaker Chambers ("Lives and Deaths of Whittaker Chambers," by Max Ascoli, *The Reporter,* July 8). You have made very clear the danger of this man's position, his highly emotional outpourings. Chambers assumes that we must choose between God and Man, Faith and Reason. He is still an authoritarian, and a very dangerous person to have publicly proclaiming that he is a diagnostician of our so-called sick society.

KENNETH C. WALKER
The Unitarian Church
Bloomington, Illinois

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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in this issue . . .

Party conventions are not really places where basic political issues can be debated, and it is usually a miracle if such an issue can be dramatized by one faction or another. Considering the various possibilities at the Republican Convention, it was remarkable that the "Fair Play" amendment, rattling the Southern skeleton in the Republican closet, could have been made into a weapon with which the Eisenhower forces could hit the Taftists so hard. And now the country must watch the Democrats confront their own potentially divisive issues—the most prominent being FEPC, dealt with in this issue by Alan Barth.

David Schoenbrun, CBS correspondent in Paris, is the only reporter who has followed Eisenhower from commander to candidate to Convention without a break. . . . **Alan Barth,** an editorial writer on the Washington *Post,* wrote *The Loyalty of Free Men.* . . . **Irving M. Engel** was the Democratic-Liberal Congressional candidate in New York's 17th District in 1950. . . . Lieutenant **Roy A. Gallant** has been in the 1st Radio Broadcasting and Leaflet Group with the Army in Tokyo. . . . **Ruth and George Barrett** write from Tokyo and Korea, where he is a correspondent for the New York *Times.* . . . **Isaac Deutscher** wrote *Stalin: A Political Biography.* . . . The Hon. **Woodrow Wyatt,** Labour M.P. for Aston, Birmingham, was Under-Secretary of State for War in the Labour Government. . . . **William S. Fairfield** recently completed a trip South for *The Reporter.* . . . **Fred M. Hechinger** is Education Editor of the New York *Herald Tribune.* . . . **Meyer Levin** is a member of that long-suffering but still combative group known as Chicagoans.

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Will Ike Go Right Or Be President?

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS

A NUMBER OF people believe that Old Guard Republicanism was laid to rest on July 11. But even if the events leading up to Dwight Eisenhower's nomination indicated that the mossbacks made a good try at suicide in Chicago, the attempt seems not to have been conclusively successful, and the question remains: How much of his energy will Eisenhower have to devote to preventing the Taft-MacArthur-Hoover wing of his party from again trying to pull it down to oblivion?

Although the Taftists failed to dictate the Convention's outcome, they did dictate its strategy throughout. Now that conciliation between the two factions has become the first order of business, it is worthwhile examining the circumstances under which the Eisenhower men took up positions largely responsible for their victory in Chicago and essential if their party is to win in November. Did they advance to these positions through embattled conviction or were they forced into them by the furious onslaughts of the right wingers? Unfortunately, the latter hypothesis seems more nearly true. This being the case, and because of the obvious devotion to expediency which governed many of Eisenhower's lieutenants, the chances seem that much higher for a relapse into more traditional G.O.P. attitudes.

Before the Convention began, the Eisenhower cause was identified as one dominated by the slogan "Only Ike can win." The Old Guard made the mistake of using all the powers it possessed to push the proponents of this expediency into an embattled defense of principle. The Taftists so monopolized the amoral position that only the moral one was left for the Eisenhower forces. When Massachusetts' Clarence Barnes defended the rules by which the National Committee hoped to sustain its Texas-Georgia-Louisiana deals as "too sacred to change in a day," what was there for Christian Herter to do but proclaim that the Republican Party was not afraid of change? The Old Guard's defense of the exclusive-club principle in the South could not help but push the opposition into the concept of an expanding party roomy enough for hundreds of thousands of new voters. The Old Guard monotonously beat the drums of negation in a primitive tribal dance of refusal. Against that noise, the voice of the Eisenhower people inevitably sounded like a call to march forward.

Taft's defeat, then, was due less to a deliberate insistence on idealism by his opponents than to his own supporters' insistence on making a show of power politics. It was Taft's long, frustrated quest for power, a quest without humor or compromise, that corrupted his judgment and lost him the fight.

Honorary Amateurs

The men he lost to were more or less awarded their liberal status by his intransigence. Strangely enough, they were incidentally awarded an amateur rating, a sort of political purity and innocence—again simply by contrast. The actions of some of the Eisenhower men, and especially of the Deweyites, were proof of high professional ability

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and also omens of the extent to which Ike's advisers may be willing to trim their sails.

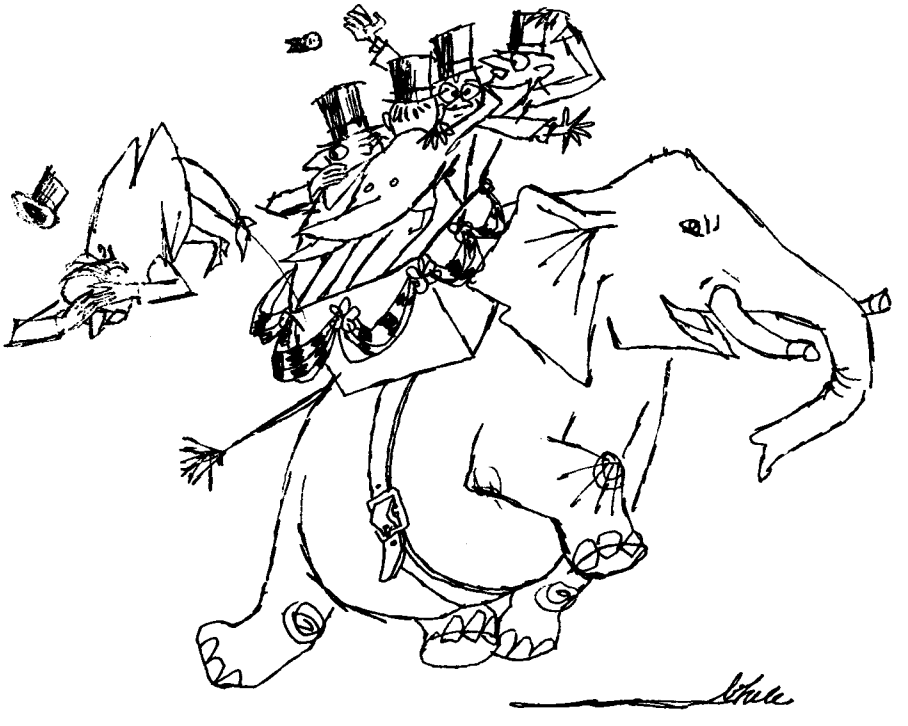
In Chicago some veterans of the 1948 Dewey machine seemed almost fearful that they would lose their professional standing by displaying too much principle and not enough political cunning. There was an element of phoniness running through the *cause célèbre* of the Convention—the issue of seating the Southern delegates. Southern Republicanism has been the skeleton in the G.O.P. closet since well before the turn of the century. Perhaps Lodge and Eisenhower were unsuspecting as they displayed their indignation at the great "steal," but certainly neither Tom Dewey nor his former assistant Herbert Brownell, an Eisenhower Convention factotum, could have been. Harry Sommers of Georgia and Henry Zweifel of Texas—accused of shenanigans this year—had served as Dewey's 1948 campaign managers in their respective states. Not that Senator Taft's conduct in the matter could in any way be called aboveboard, but the parading of the Southern skeleton was scarcely deserving of the proportions of a moral crusade; after all, Taft wasn't the only one who knew what was in the closet.

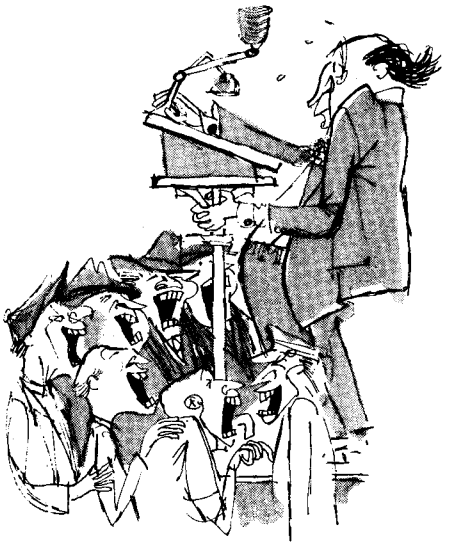
Men Who Won't Choose . . .

So the question is: What will be Eisenhower's attitude toward the Old Guard? When he walked across from the Blackstone Hotel to shake hands with Taft, the public acclaimed the sportsmanship of the gesture—and the public was right. Yet what will be his future attitude toward Taft and the others who so oppose his views? His ready acceptance of Senator Nixon as a Vice-Presidential candidate provides no clear indication.

Nixon is a difficult man to categorize. Perhaps the answer is that he is simply too young and ambitious to have made any irrevocable choice between Old Guard and New. There were other such men in the Eisenhower camp—key men in the cases of Arthur E. Summerfield of Michigan and Governor John S. Fine of Pennsylvania. Their main objective, they have said, is simply victory in November—to "pick up the pieces and fit them back together again." Eisenhower must learn a lot more about the pieces and recognize that some of them cannot be made to fit into the pattern of his purpose.

Some of the pieces he must already be having trouble with. There continue to be active rivalries among the elements that make up his own New Guard. Lodge and Duff have not concealed their dislike of Dewey. Senator Carlson and Harry Darby of the Kansas group are jealous of the Easterners, Lodge and Duff. Summerfield has expressed contempt for all three D's—Dewey, Duff, and Darby.





. . . and Men Ike Didn't Choose

Whether Eisenhower's own backers close ranks or not, the Republican Party in Congress remains firmly in the hands of the Old Guard: Taft, Millikin, and Bridges in the Senate; Martin, Taber, and Halleck in the House. Perhaps Eisenhower can find ways of dominating these men, but his more immediate problem is the considerable bloc of their reactionary colleagues who are up for re-election this year and may well sneak in on his coattails. There will be at least a half dozen states which Eisenhower must pass up in his campaign jaunts or accept the consequences of buttressing the reactionary outposts in Congress.

On the hopeful side, all the evidence points to the likelihood that Eisenhower has so far evaded personal entanglement. At the Convention he cannily refrained from interference with any of his managers, in order that he would be able to set a fresh course for the campaign with his own picked men. It was agreed in Chicago that among those closest to Eisenhower there were none of the smart-aleck types found around Dewey in 1948.

Eisenhower's greatest handicap is his lack of familiarity with all of the personal and political nuances involved in the party's rivalries and factions. But this can be an asset, too, for if, in the tradition of the commander of a great international military headquarters, he refuses to heed the existence of the more extreme dissidence and jealousy, those who represent it may be pushed that much further from the center of power.

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Five Weeks That Made a Politician

DAVID SCHOENBRUN

On the afternoon of July 3, with a hot, dry sun baking the eastern slopes of Colorado, Dwight D. Eisenhower stepped out on the rear platform of his train at the station of Brush and made this pledge:

"Whatever my own fate, I will continue to fight for clean government, decency in everything we do, including the political parties on which our government depends. I have been a fighter all my life. I will not quit now."

After years of cautious, security-conscious statements Dwight D. Eisenhower in June took to the hustings and spoke his mind freely on national and international affairs. He underwent a soul-stirring experience during his five-week preconvention tour: his conversion from General to Politician.

This story of the forces inside and outside Eisenhower that combined to form the Politician and the record of his views on major issues are valuable guides to the way his influence will be used from now on.

The Great Compromiser

Most men change their views under the pressure of circumstances, and Eisenhower is certainly no exception. He is one of the most ready to bend with the wind, and if any single phrase can sum up a man's personality and motivation, I would say that Eisenhower, like Henry Clay, could be called the Great Compromiser.

Although he is a man of determination concerning his fundamental principles—his deep religious faith, his integrity, his abiding belief in the principle of collective security, clean and thrifty government, decentralization of authority—he is ready and even eager to change his ideas on how to achieve those fundamental goals.

I shall always remember a talk I had with Eisenhower a year ago at SHAPE when I asked him what had made him change his mind about the European army, which he was then supporting warmly after initially rejecting the plan as absurd.

He replied, "We need more forces for western defense; above all, we must have the Germans in. We can't get the Germans without the consent of the French, and we can't get that without this European army scheme. So I am for it, and we must make it efficient. If you are against it, then you tell me: What is your alternative?"

Over and over again that phrase snaps out: What is your alternative? Eisenhower is above all a practical man, rather than a man of theory or of creative imagination. And he will do almost anything that must be done to gain his end—except the violation of his personal standards of honesty and his deeply held convictions.

He revealed this again in his letter to John Foster Dulles on June 20, discussing the Republican foreign-policy plank: "There are innumerable instances of method, detail and procedure on which I am always ready to accept almost any revision of my own views."

That is why the real key to Eisenhower is not so much in specific views on specific issues but rather in the fundamental attitudes he has revealed, his motivation and his behavior under the strain of learning his new role in American life.

Only a few short weeks ago his official designation was SACEUR, Supreme Allied Commander, Europe. Only his closest associates dared refer to him simply as "the boss," and not even his good friend and chief of staff, General Alfred M. Gruenther, would have thought of calling him "Ike," except in the strict privacy of a family bridge game, with no strangers present.

But soon after General Dwight D. Eisenhower left Paris on May 31, dozens of people were calling him "Ike" in public, referring familiarly to his wife as "Mamie," telling him where to go, what to say, whom to see and when.

'Howya, Pardner!'

The SACEUR did not quite become a candidate when he doffed his uniform and five stars in Washington. His conversion took place on June 3 under the floodlights at the Kansas City airport, when a big man in cowboy boots and a ten-gallon hat greeted him with a breezy "Howya, pardner!" and a ham-handed slap across the back that set Eisenhower's teeth on edge.

I was standing right next to Eisenhower when Governor Dan Thornton of Colorado gave him his baptism of political fire that evening. There was a tense moment as the General's eyes blazed and his back stiffened. Then, with great control, he gradually unfroze into a smile and reached out his hand to say "Howya, Dan."

The politician who was born that

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night in Kansas came of age on the train from Harrisburg to Detroit when he rejected three speeches that had been prepared for his talk at the latter city and decided to ad-lib the address "from his heart"—a spontaneous, dramatic performance that won him headlines across the country.

The conversion of General to Politician became complete in Denver on the night of June 26. Eisenhower entered the Coliseum sitting on top of the back seat of an open convertible, with two giant spotlights focused on him as he rode around the blacked-out stadium. He then delivered his initiation speech in the Republican Party, a straight party-line address containing standard references to Lincoln and God, as though both were contemporary Republican standard bearers; denouncing crookedness in Washington and the loss of China; and implying that the Democrats were responsible for the war in Korea.

It was this readiness to pay lip service to Republican stereotypes—on the advice of managers who were fighting to win a nomination—that dismayed Eisenhower's friends here and abroad who had looked on him as the fighting, liberal crusader who could clean up the government, rout the mossbacks in his own party, unite the country, and provide world leadership.

Before Abilene, Eisenhower and his associates were faced with a dilemma: To reach the White House, he would have to be nominated by Republicans but elected by dissident Democrats and independents. But what appeals to liberals and independents and Democrats dissatisfied with their party leadership may very well antagonize the Republican Old Guard, and vice versa. It takes a fine, sure politician's touch to skirt the rim of that dilemma, and Ike has yet to acquire that touch.

Yet he does have a sharp and ready wit that has helped him over many rough spots with reporters. When one newsman suggested that the difference between Eisenhower and Taft was only one of degree, he quipped: "'If a man takes only one drink and another fellow takes ten, that's only a difference of degree too, but it's a big one." And when his managers pleaded with him to stick to carefully worded prepared texts, he laughed and said: "The only fun in this thing is getting up to hear myself say something I hadn't thought of before."

He is garrulous to the point of indiscretion, careless in his phrasing, often not realizing the full import of his remarks. At a Sunday morning news conference in Dallas on June 22, when a reporter asked Ike what his views were on the 27.5 per cent tax allowance on oil depletion, he replied gaily: "Oh, I'll have to ask the oil men about that."

At another news conference, in Denver, Eisenhower was asked about Japan's needing to trade with Red China for economic survival, which brought up the subject of trading with the enemy. At this point, Eisenhower carelessly said something like, "Well, that sort of thing has always gone on; private businessmen can do it." After he saw the startled expressions in his audience, he explained he did not mean that we ought to trade with China during the Korean War.

When warned about these slips, Ike has good-naturedly promised to be more careful, but his inclination still is not to worry too much about it. He likes and trusts people, believes that they will like and trust him and give him the benefit of the doubt because they know he is an honest man.

He is sincerely and deeply moved every time he hears a crowd cheer him and his wife and shout "We like Ike!" He cannot yet quite believe that so many people think so highly of him, and he finds it both a humbling and thrilling experience.

A Changed Man

This new Eisenhower is very different from the irritable, unapproachable general who snapped at a newsman in Oslo, when asked about his return to America: "If the American

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people want me, they know where to find me."

That statement momentarily lifted the veil on the inner turmoil that Eisenhower went through during those difficult months. The torment began on January 6, when Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., announced formation of an Eisenhower-for-President movement. The next day at SHAPE Eisenhower announced that he was a Republican, that he was available for a call to "greater duty" but that he would not ask relief from his military assignment and would not engage in preconvention activities.

Then the pressures began to build up. On April 2, Eisenhower was forced to ask the Secretary of Defense for relief from his assignment as SACEUR. On April 12, when his exchange of letters with Lovett had been made public, the General had to admit that he had been wrong in his calculations. Politics had encroached on the military headquarters so much as to interfere seriously with his work. He had to go home, take off his uniform, and become a politician. But, he said, he still would not barnstorm the country or seek nomination actively.

Again he was wrong, for within two weeks after his arrival in Washington he was on the road: After Abilene and New York, it was Gettysburg, Harrisburg, Detroit, Denver, Denison, Denton, Dallas, Las Vegas, and a whirlwind whistle-stop tour through Nebraska and Iowa en route to Chicago.

The Dark Days

From January through June Eisenhower lived through the most difficult months of his life, he now admits. Badgered by politicians, subjected to free advice from a host of self-appointed counselors, writing private letters that somehow turned up at once in print, Eisenhower grew nervous, short-tempered, unsure of himself. He was risking the honors of a lifetime of public service just when his place in history seemed assured, and just when he was about to have a chance for a little rest and relaxation. He was leaving the relatively sheltered life of a five-star general and college president for the rough-and-tumble of political life, whose rules he did not know and for which he had the military man's traditional contempt.

Once home, though, Eisenhower set about learning how to become a candidate. He put himself in the hands of his political associates: Herb Brownell of Governor Dewey's organization, who handled the big job of rounding up delegates; Senator Lodge, campaign manager; Senator Frank Carlson of Kansas, personal aide, adviser, and friend; and Arthur Vandenberg, Jr., chief political aide. These men set about forming a loose organization without adequate knowledge of each other and without adequate knowledge of their candidate because of his own long hesitation.

He had to play his campaign by ear, and sometimes it was an old-fashioned tune to warm the hearts of the Old Guard Republicans, sometimes it was a bright ditty for young Republicans and liberals, sometimes it was straight from the heart, just plain honest Ike.

He had moments of sheer inspiration, such as the night in Detroit when he said: "I'm strictly a no-deal man." Or again in Dallas, when he proposed an "Open Door Policy" for Democrats who wanted to vote Republican and seek new leadership.

Sometimes, as we have seen, he suffered from attacks of foot-in-mouth disease, but he always survived. As one staunch Taft delegate said after meeting Eisenhower in New York: "I'm still for Taft, but a man would have to be a mean son-of-a-gun not to like this fellow."

For millions of Americans, however, it is not enough to like a man. More concrete proof of fitness is demanded these days. And Ike's influence in the future depends also on the record of his views and attitudes. In the course of the past weeks, we have had ample opportunity to learn about both.

Three Wishes

He has three principal objectives:

First, to continue the main lines of American foreign policy—a system of global alliances and collective security.

Second, to provide now and develop for the future new leadership in government, restoring high moral standards at all levels from county to Capitol.

Third, to cut down Big Government, increasing the authority of the states, and in private affairs to seek a common ground for co-operation among all classes of citizens to unify the country and prevent division into hostile economic and social groups.

These three basic aims, plus his readiness to compromise on the operational techniques necessary to achieve them, explain Eisenhower's highly generalized and often confusing answers to the major questions asked him during his preconvention campaign tour. The most frequent were: How would you end the war in Korea? What is your foreign policy? How would you cut taxes? What is your stand on FEPC, national health insurance, tidelands oil, the steel strike, Taft-Hartley? What is your farm policy?

On only a few of these issues was Eisenhower unequivocally clear as to where he stood: foreign policy, Korea, and FEPC were each explained beyond doubt. On most other domestic issues, Ike was either vague or simply admitted he did not know the answer,

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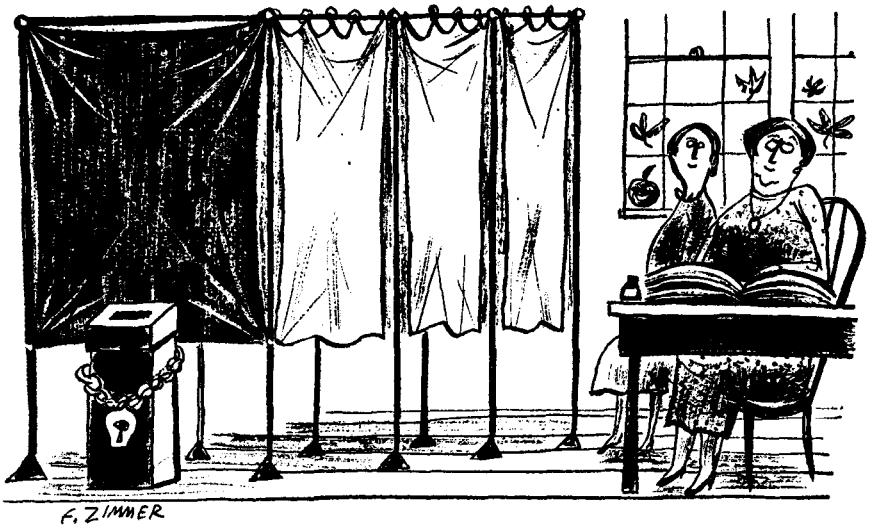

but insisted that if he were elected he would endeavor to "bring in the best brains the country has to help me find the answers."

Here are some of his specific answers:

Korea: No easy solution, Ike says. We cannot pull out without abandoning our ally, South Korea, and losing face around the world. We cannot advance without risking all-out war and mobilizing for it, which no one wants. The only thing to do: hang on and train the South Koreans to replace U.N. units.

Foreign Policy (Denver speech, June 23): Collective security is America's enlightened self-interest; without allies we would be gaunt and naked, at the mercy of the Soviet "wolfpack." Global alliances should be built on a series of regional pacts similar to NATO; the coalitions should be led but not dominated by us; build up allies by aid programs so they can bear full measure of responsibility for their own defense. Do not rely on illusion of air power alone as defense. Do not fall into the trap of trying to defend every inch of territory or meeting Soviet challenge on Soviet initiatives. Build up strength to the point where the Soviets will realize it is in their own self-interest to seek peaceful coexistence with us. (No apparent major difference of opinion with the Truman-Acheson foreign policy other than the charge that the Administration has been guilty of lacking planning and foresight, operating "hand to mouth.")

Taxes: Cannot be reduced appreciably in next two years, but better and more efficient use of money can be made by cutting bureaucracy and waste. Taxes can't be cut until the deficit is, and a big part of the deficit is defense spending, which he is reluctant to cut to any great extent while the nation's security is at stake. Eventually, he says, we must aim at reducing the budget by forty billion dollars, cutting the deficit and then reducing taxes.

FEPC: You cannot legislate the evil out of men, you must persuade them to better ways. "No law that does not have wide popular support can be enforced. Look at the Prohibition Act" (Fourth of July statement, Boone, Iowa). Ike prefers leaving fair employment practices to local communities to work out in their own way, rather than resorting to "coercive Federal statutes." On national health insurance he also favors local and private co-operative institutions rather than Federal ones. "Don't believe a bureaucrat when he promises you something for nothing. There is no such thing" (Boone, Iowa, July 4).

Some answers he does not yet have:

Tidelands Oil: Considerable confusion. First a letter from Paris favoring states' rights in the Texas case, then a statement in Detroit saying he did not know the Supreme Court had ruled on it.

Taft-Hartley: Also unclear. He has stated repeatedly that it is "an omnibus bill," that he agrees with some provisions and not others, but has never specified which.

Steel Strike: Happened before he returned home, he explains; does not know all the facts; would merely observe that the President should have invoked Taft-Hartley as the law of the land and that after all, the Supreme Court ruled the seizure unconstitutional (Detroit speech, June 14).

Farm Policy: Really does not know much about it. "You fellows tell me" (to Farm Editors Association and later to group farmers and soil conservation experts in meeting at Denver).

That does not add up to an impressive collection of considered views on anything but foreign policy. It does indicate the mental attitude and motivation of a man with a strong distaste for the New Deal and Fair Deal policies, a belief in local rather than overcentralized Federal government, a nostalgia for the "good old days" of rugged individualism and the virtues of thrift, honesty, and hard work.

That is Eisenhower as we know him today. How does he see himself?

With genuine modesty, he is astonished at "all the fuss about me." He is fond of saying, and meaning: "Take your job seriously—not yourself seriously."

As for his so-called blunders, careless remarks, and political indiscretions, he brushes them off.

Once, back in Paris, he told me of the days when, as a young major, he was the hottest poker player on the post and suddenly realized that one of his friends, a married man, had become a consistent heavy loser. "I deliberately lost back to him all I had won in one session, and then told him I wouldn't play any more," Ike recalled. "Well, sir, that fellow got real mad and said I was a poor sport quitting just when his luck was turning. You see, sometimes you just can't be right."

Because of this attitude, Eisenhower was not surprised to find at Chicago that everything he did was wrong—either to one group of supporters or another. The choice of Nixon dismayed the liberals and conservatives both; the former because they regard Nixon as a ruthlessly ambitious politician, the latter because they regard him as a dangerous radical from "socialistic California." The platform on which Eisenhower will run, like most documents which seek to be all things to all men, pleases no one at all.

Yet all this is the climate most suited to the personality and character of Eisenhower, a Great Compromiser who earnestly believes that no plan, no document, no law, is worth more than the human qualities brought to it by those charged with its execution.

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Convention Coverage And the All-Seeing Eye

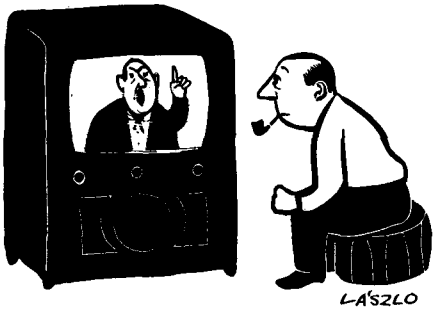
DOUGLASS CATER

TELEVISION coverage of the Republican Convention confirmed an unhappy suspicion among newspapermen: The old-fashioned reporter with a pencil and a wad of paper in his hand and a hunch in his head is about to go the way of the men who set type by hand.

The new reporter will sit before a television set in an air-conditioned room. When there is a missing piece of information to be filled in, he will pick up his telephone. His greatest worry will be that the commercial will break into the story at a critical moment.

At the Convention hall in Chicago a special lounge was set up for reporters, complete with free beer, cigars, and three large television sets. Several national columnists were observed to be spending more time in the lounge than they did on the Convention floor. And why not? The single journalist, or even the small team, felt utter futility in attempting to cover the Convention. As they labored they knew that from afar the millions—including their bosses—were also watching. This great audience, untroubled by the mechanics of taxicabs, credentials, and deadlines, had a great advantage over the reporters. Without stirring in their seats, they jumped from the Conrad Hilton Hotel to the International Amphitheatre, a good half hour's trip by taxi.

With equal ease the people before the screens entered the small room where the television commentator questioned David Ingalls or Senator Henry Cabot Lodge—men the reporter had been trying to track down all week. In the Convention hall itself, the camera would swoop down for a close-up, or the portable machine that the broadcasters, drugged with their own commercial jargon, have christened a

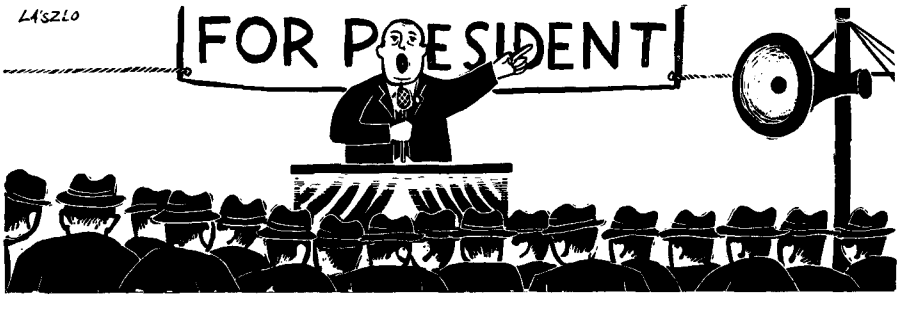


"creepie peepie" would catch Lodge as he paced the center aisle snapping orders prior to a vote, or Governor Fine, bubbling with anger, as he harangued Chairman Hallanan for refusing to call a recess. The reporter stayed in his seat, his straining eyes bleary from the glare of the television lights.

Where Were You, General?

The newspaperman found that the politicians had accommodated themselves to television with astonishing rapidity. The crucial announcement on how the Michigan delegation would vote—which the reporter had sought a scoop on for days—was reserved for a television interview. So mighty had the TV press conference become that the politicians were forced to adopt completely defensive attitudes when they did not yield to the slightest whim of the broadcasters. At his first press appearance in Chicago, General Eisenhower was sharply interrogated about his reluctance to appear on "Meet the Press." The question seemed as momentous as whether he smoked Chesterfields or drank Schlitz. Eisenhower was able to get away with his comparative indifference to such matters, but the smaller fry couldn't. Their deference to "the medium" was exemplified by Henry Zweifel, a delegate from Texas, whose printed invitation to a press conference in his hotel room gracefully ignored all technical problems, saying simply, "Television is especially invited."

Even though the politicians made every effort to step up their charm in proportion to the intensity of the electronic gaze that was focused upon them, sometimes the cameras saw through their insincerity as easily as the reporters did. Taft's lieutenants, as they paraded interminably before the cameras at the beginning of the Convention, often looked like the rather inept politicians that they subsequently proved themselves to be. There was the trio of B. Carroll Reece, David Ingalls, and John Hamilton, each of whom argued his case as if he were selling a possibily defective vacuum cleaner to a gullible housewife. And there was the little ex-judge,



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Prejudicial Peptalk

In the July 8 issue, The Reporter *expressed its gratitude to Senator Harry P. Cain of Washington for inserting in the Congressional Record our recent China Lobby articles as well as a good portion of our January 3, 1950, issue. The opportunity to reciprocate this kindness has arisen sooner than anticipated. Senator Cain's July 9 speech at the Republican Convention seemed to us a prose composition that deserved considerably more space in the press than it received. We regret that our resources are not as great as those of the Congressional Record, but each of the following paragraphs from Senator Cain's speech is reprinted in its entirety.*

"No Convention in our Party's history has been more prejudicial or enthusiastic; more bitter or better planned, more hard working or pregnant with possibilities for victory or dismal failure. . . .

"By contrast and comparison between our presidential candidate and the person to be selected in this very hall but a short time from now by the opposition party there is no doubt about the choice to make. This sounds, of course, like an expected Republican appraisal, but there is a good reason why. . . .

Block That Termite!

"We Republicans have no monopoly on reliable, good and honest men. The opposition can select, though I doubt that they will, a Presidential nominee who understands that we help others best by keeping ourselves strong and free, whose ability is obvious, whose understanding of the intentions of Communism is clear, whose resistance to the spread of collectivism and state socialism is as strong and determined as yours and mine. There are many men of such stature and character in the opposition party. But it matters not whom that Party nominates. His election would be like spreading a new and colorful coat of paint on the outside of a house the foundation of which is gutted and rotted away by termites. That newly painted house can look attractive on the outside but it must soon crumble and collapse from the forces of destruction and evil which are working on the inside.

"The paint would but temporarily hide those countless termites which have become tired, cynical, power crazy, irresponsible, decadent, and just plain stupid.

"Everybody, or nearly so, knows that these termites have waxed fat and greedy from feeding at the public trough. Those who have been long associated with the opposition party which has let the termites breed and spread are incapable of using the methods required to rid the house of those who will destroy it. This is why I say it matters not whom the opposition elects.

"Through the past twenty years there has gradually been developed in your own land a sprawling, huge and flabby bureaucracy. The twisting, twining, jelly fish tentacles of this lopsided tumor now reach out to every county seat and crossroads in the land. These tentacles suck up the money and the manhood and the vitality of every community they touch. . . .

"Such a rank growth, riddled with corruption and infected with subversion, is no answer to the challenge of your future. . . .

Step Up, Get Your Casket

"Yes, there *is* a sham peace—a brooding, ominous, blood soaked peace in which your fellows in the battle line are dying every day, a peace in which homes and innocent civilians are being destroyed around the clock, a peace that threatens to explode in a global carnage at any moment If this be peace for the preservation of which we stockpile our nation's resources you must know it to be a peace also for the maintenance of which we are stockpiling caskets—and one of them is earmarked for you.

"Yes—we have a sham and quivering prosperity which lives largely off the blood of those of your age. This prosperity has been so good that it threatens to burst into the fantastic printing press inflation that swept Germany 30 years ago, when it took a bushel basket of paper money to buy a loaf of bread. Of course we have prosperity. It confiscates the savings of your elders, but it provides social security in return. Watch this prosperity. Now is the time for you to begin to wonder about what happens to this thing called prosperity when we quit playing at war and quit setting the stage for more wars. . . ."

Charles Dawson of Louisville, who exhibited so great a passion for hurling his body into the breach of lost causes.

Reporters' Refuge

There are still preserves for the old-fashioned journalist. If he is (or looks) distinguished enough, he may be invited to appear as a guest interrogator on one of the television press shows where he can question the politicians in person as he did of yore. The only trouble is that the reporter, in order to maintain a dignified bearing, must refrain from taking notes, and thus has no chance to scribble down a few ideas for an overnight to his newspaper.

There are also times when television's two-dimensional coverage is inadequate. Even a twenty-one-inch screen could not reproduce the frenzy that filled the Convention hall on the evening of July 9, when Senator Everett Dirksen of Illinois, probably the most effective demagogue in the ranks of either party, spoke in behalf of the pro-Taft delegation from Georgia. Dirksen, his impressive voice ranging from a whisper to a roar, slowly stirred the more than two thousand delegates and alternates into paroxysms of acclaim and abuse as he sounded the notes best calculated to sever the ranks of the party. Television watchers could hear the mellifluous words and watch the fluid gestures, but only those at the Convention got the full impact of the evangelical eloquence that threatened to turn the delegates into a stampeding mob.

There were other occasions when the cameras missed out. Only the alert reporter would have been able to observe a revealing bit of byplay during General Douglas MacArthur's keynote speech, when Harry Darby, a pro-Eisenhower committeeman from Kansas, turned around in his seat, caught the eye of Governor McKeldin of Maryland behind him, raised his hand with thumb and forefinger joined in an "O," and silently shook his head to indicate that the speaker was laying an egg.

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The Democrats And FEPC

ALAN BARTH

CIVIL RIGHTS—and especially a Federally enforced Fair Employment Practices Commission—is the rock on which the Democratic Party splits. To the party's racial and religious minority groups and to its liberal elements, the reforms recommended in the 1947 report of the President's Committee on Civil Rights and pressed upon Congress ever since for legislative enactment symbolize the ideal of democratic equality. But to the South they symbolize carpetbagging Federal intervention in local affairs. The bitterness of the Reconstruction era still infests the civil-rights controversy—as though that post-Civil War debauch had occurred only yesterday and this was its hangover.

More than any other problem it will plague the architects of the Democratic platform at Chicago. Of course, this year the Democratic platform will be, to a large extent, prefabricated. In the traditional manner of parties seeking to succeed themselves in office, the Democrats will necessarily extol the record of the incumbent Administration; they will point with pride (where possible) to fulfillment of the platform they framed four years ago; and they will endeavor to repeat in the platform a formula which, miraculously, turned out to be successful in the campaign four years ago.

But a number of Southerners walked out of the Philadelphia Convention in 1948, and four Southern states gave their electoral votes to a States' Rights Democratic Party because of the civil-rights plank of the platform. Some Southern leaders threaten to do so again—or even to support the Republican nominee—if the same civil-rights plank is readopted. The threat assumes serious proportions in the light of the Republicans' choice of Eisenhower instead of Taft as their nominee, and in view of the extreme deference to the South in the civil-rights plank of the Republican platform.

Plain Words

The 1948 plank on civil rights, approved by the Democrats only after a furious floor fight at the Philadelphia Convention, read as follows:

"The Democratic Party is responsible for the great civil rights gains made in recent years in eliminating unfair and illegal discrimination based on race, creed or color.

"The Democratic Party commits itself to continuing its efforts to eradicate all racial, religious and economic discrimination.

"We again state our belief that racial and religious minorities must have the right to live, the right to work, the right to vote, the full and equal protection of the laws, on a basis of equality with all citizens as guaranteed by the Constitution.

"We highly commend President Harry Truman for his courageous stand on the issue of civil rights.

"We call upon the Congress to support our President in guaranteeing these basic and fundamental rights: (1) the right of full and equal political participation; (2) the right to equal opportunity of employment; (3) the right of security of person; (4) and the right of equal treatment in the service and defense of our nation."

Dever's Olive Branch

An olive branch was held out to the South a couple of months ago by Governor Paul A. Dever of Massachusetts, the keynoter of the Convention. On a nation-wide television program, the Governor observed that personally he saw little difference between the 1948 plank and a conspicuously milder plank agreed to by his party in 1944. He added, moreover—still speaking for himself, but reflecting, perhaps, a spirit of compromise among party strategists—that the 1944 version would be satisfactory this year.

Immediately there came a roar of protest from the liberal wing of the party. In behalf of Americans for Democratic Action, Francis Biddle wrote to

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the Governor predicting that what he termed "little difference" will "spell victory or defeat for the Democratic Party in 1952."

A Big Difference

The difference between the 1944 and 1948 planks must, in point of fact, be pretty readily discernible to any sophisticated political eye. It was a difference perceptible enough four years ago to cause the Dixiecrat walkout at the Philadelphia Convention when a modified version of the 1944 plank was rejected on the floor and replaced by stronger wording. The 1944 plank endorsed civil rights in blurred, if not deliberately ambiguous, terms and exhorted Congress to "exert its full constitutional powers to protect those rights." The 1948 plank ignored constitutional doubts and called upon members of Congress to vote for specifically designated measures—poll-tax abolition, anti-lynching legislation, integration in the armed services, and FEPC.

"The question confronting the country today," Mr. Biddle wrote to Mr. Dever, "is not whether the Democratic Party can effect a strategic retreat, or even stand the ground it has gained during the two New Deal-Fair Deal decades. The important question is whether it has the courage and vigor to move forward. In our opinion one of the most important advances it must make is to spell out even more clearly the implications of the 1948 civil rights plank by calling for a revised Senate rule to end filibusters."

The idea of a revised Senate rule to end filibusters is one that has been sponsored by Walter Reuther, president of the United Automobile Workers-CIO. It is an idea likely to drive the more reactionary Southerners to another try at political secession such as the one they made in 1948.

Briefly, Reuther's idea is that the Senate should be considered, not a continuing body as at present, but a body newly established with each Congress, like the House of Representatives. "We propose the bold use of majority rule to win majority rule," Mr. Reuther said in testimony before a Senate Labor and Public Welfare subcommittee last April. "The try must be made the moment after the new Senate is convened and new members are sworn. *The try can and will succeed*—if the Vice-President and a majority of the Senators then in the floor are prepared to stand up and be counted in support of this single proposition; that the Eighty-third Senate is a new Senate, with the same full power under the Constitution to write its own rules that were enjoyed and exercised by the First Senate."

It is an ingenious and interesting proposition. If it were adhered to, it would make it impossible for the minority to prevent a change in the rules by filibustering. For if the old rules were set aside, a majority vote would govern the debate on adopting new rules, and cloture could be imposed at any time by a simple majority. Southerners are certain to be enraged by the proposition and outraged if the Convention should embrace it as a part of the Democratic platform.

Storm Center

The storm center of the civil-rights controversy is FEPC. And the key word in connection with FEPC is "enforcement." The South might resent but it would probably not seriously resist an "educational" FEPC of the sort favored by Senator Taft and sponsored south of the Mason-Dixon Line by Representative Brooks Hays of Arkansas—an FEPC which could make pious recommendations to employers but would be devoid of power to impose them. To Negroes, however, an FEPC without teeth in it is an FEPC without meaning. Job opportunity, they feel, is the key to all other opportunity. If men can achieve economic equality, they can ultimately win equality in all its other forms: education, health, housing, political effectiveness, and even, in the end, social status.

During the war, a President's Fair Employment Practice Committee, established by executive order, operated with a large measure of real effectiveness—particularly when it came under the wise and patient direction of Malcolm Ross. It had no enforcement powers beyond the power of publicity and the never-used power of the President to revoke war contracts for breach of the clauses forbidding discrimination. In the five years of its existence it settled nearly five thousand cases by negotiation. Functioning as it did when there was an acute manpower shortage and an urgent need to make the fullest possible use of the nation's human resources, it brought great numbers of Negroes into industries and into types of employment which had previously been closed to them. It did this in almost every instance with no more than momentary friction; the experience of working with Negroes served invariably to diminish, if not altogether to dissipate, white prejudices—at least in a period of full employment such as the nation enjoyed at that time.

After the war, however, fears of widespread unemployment operated, in conformity with a familiar pattern, to make Negroes the first to be fired—as they had always been the last to be hired. And fears that job equality

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would result in demands for political and social equality resulted in Congressional wrecking of the President's FEPC by cutting off all its funds.

Local FEPC's are operated today in eleven states and some twenty municipalities—all of them outside the South. Of the eleven state commissions, four are concerned only with education and persuasion; seven of them have full enforcement powers. Following the example of the President's committee, most of the state bodies have proceeded with great restraint, endeavoring to make exhortation, moral suasion, and the gentle pressure of public opinion take the place of compulsion; they have avoided resort to prosecution and punishment. While it is still too early to offer any comprehensive evaluation of their work, it can certainly be said that they have succeeded in appreciably expanding the areas of opportunity for both racial and religious minorities.

An Ideal Cherished Moderately

Enlightened Southerners seem willing to accept a Federal FEPC which would limit itself to education and persuasion. Representative Hays, for example, sponsor of what has come to be known as the Arkansas Plan, has said in Congress that although he thinks "we do not have to have a coercive law to become sensitive [to injustice], it would be quite in order for a Federal division to counsel for the correction [of grievances].

"Equality of opportunity is an ideal to be cherished," he declared, "and the pursuit of the ideal should continually engage us, but it is better to leave every man free to think himself and his group superior and be wrong than as a matter of law proclaim him or his group to be the equal of others in economic activities."

Ralph McGill, a noted liberal among Southern newspaper editors, said in a recent column that an average Southern progressive, if called upon to speak his piece on the explosively controversial FEPC, would say something like this: "I am against a compulsory FEPC, with federal police powers, for a number of reasons. Chiefly, I oppose it because it creates a heavy and far-reaching centralization of federal powers and establishes a state police force which would closely resemble, in its potential for destruction of liberty, the police enforcement powers of the prohibition era.

"I am against *an* FEPC.

"But, I am *for* forty-eight FEPC's."

This idea of forty-eight state FEPC's has considerable appeal and has been suggested as the basis of a compromise of the controversy. The compromise proposal envisages a Federal FEPC with authority to issue subpoenas to witnesses, hold hearings, and also make recommendations for the settlement of complaints—but without resorting to the issuance of cease-and-desist orders to enforce its recommendations for a period of at least one year; at the end of the waiting period, the Federal law would become binding on all states which had failed to adopt FEPC's of their own.

Governor Adlai Stevenson of Illinois, the moderation of whose views on this issue would make him an acceptable Democratic standard bearer, seems to be a supporter of the idea that the states should be given a chance to do the job themselves. "In Illinois," he observed recently, "I have tried earnestly to effect the adoption of a fair employment practices law with powers of enforcement. I feel very strongly this is the first responsibility of the states themselves. If the states are unwilling or unable [to prevent job discrimination], then I presume there is no alternative to having the Federal Government do so." He made it clear, moreover, that he envisaged compulsion as a necessary part of the Federal government's intervention.

The Undiscriminating Mr. Dever

Governor Dever, undeterred by Mr. Biddle's reproof, seems determined to press for some sort of compromise to prevent a blow-up at the Convention. He expects "neither side to surrender completely," he has said recently; "there must be concessions by both sides." And he declared himself "hopeful the platform committee will draft a plank on civil rights which will be universally acceptable."

But there are influential voices in the party that argue against placating the South in any way. The party cannot afford, they contend, to purchase Southern electoral votes at the risk of losing the more important industrial States of the North; the Democrats have taken these states over from the Republicans, as they see it, by making their party the champion of the underprivileged and the standard bearer of liberalism. They are convinced that it would be fatal to the Democratic Party to countenance any kind of compromise that would disillusion liberal, labor, and minority groups—or make them apathetic on Election Day. Their confidence in the political pulling power of a strong stand on FEPC was buttressed by Averell Harriman's stunning victory over Estes Kefauver in the District of Columbia primary. Harriman made FEPC the keynote of his campaign.

The Southern bolt of 1948 gave a demonstration, moreover, that "the

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Solid South" is no longer indispensable to a Democratic Party victory. Thirty-nine Southern electoral votes were subtracted from President Truman's total and given to J. Strom Thurmond, the candidate of the States' Rights Democratic Party, and Mr. Truman still won handily. If Henry Wallace's Progressive Party had not shifted the electoral votes of three pivotal Northern states away from the President, the Democrats could have won the election without the adherence of any Southern states at all.

In point of fact, the Southern states have not been a decisive factor in the outcome of any Presidential election for several decades. In 1928 Herbert Hoover would have beaten Al Smith even if there had been no Southern defections from the Democratic Party. And in 1932, 1936, 1940, and 1944, the Democrats would have won if the entire Southern electoral vote had been put into the Republican column—or, for that matter, poured down the Mississippi River.

In a letter written on July 4 to all the delegates to the Democratic Convention, Francis Biddle, as National Chairman of A.D.A., pointed out these harsh facts: "The Democratic Party," he said, "has won when it has offered a concrete liberal program. It is inconceivable that it can mortgage this program at the Convention and thus insure victory next November. There is no warranty for such surrender by the majority to the Southern minority. Twenty years of Democratic administration has done more to strengthen the economy of the southern states than the seventy years of Republicanism before it. Senator Russell and the conservatives and the Dixiecrats who support him do not speak for the new and more liberal South and cannot deliver its votes to the Republicans or to a new party."

The same point was made even more harshly by a distinguished if expatriated Southerner, former Judge J. Waties Waring of South Carolina. In a recent letter to the Washington *Post*, he stated the case against appeasement of the South in these uncompromising terms:

"Why do we have the sorry spectacle of both great political parties apparently being afraid of a small group of dissident politicians motivated solely by sectional desire to perpetuate the outmoded system of white supremacy?

"The Dixiecratic group is small and should be treated as unimportant, as it really is. Instead of this group dictating to either or both of the national parties, it should be told to follow in line, or if it desires to carry on its un-American dogma, then to form a third party and surrender the seniority and recognition now accorded to those of its members who still masquerade as true members of political parties with whose basic aims and beliefs they have no real part or interest."

On to Chicago

With so much intransigence on both sides, compromise at the Convention may not be easy. Perhaps the Southerners will be satisfied with concessions respecting the selection of nominees; President Truman's decision not to run has been widely looked upon as a Southern triumph. Perhaps the Northerners will be content with a simple reiteration of the 1948 plank, leaving the cloture issue to be decided—as, of course, it must be decided anyway—by Congress. Platforms are, in any case, mere declarations.

Whatever platform the Democratic Convention adopts, it is clear that a major campaign must be undertaken to explain FEPC to the country if it is ever to become a working reality. FEPC is certainly neither the panacea for racial discrimination which its more ardent proponents seem to think it is nor the threat to all liberty which its more delirious detractors believe it to be.

The most common fallacy about FEPC is the notion that its purpose is to abolish prejudice—that is, to "change human nature." It has no more to do with the abolition of prejudice than a law forbidding murder has to do with the abolition of hatred It is a law to prevent the anti-social manifestations of prejudice.

The second major fallacy about FEPC is that it would be impossible to enforce because there is no way to determine whether men are denied employment because of racial or religious prejudice or for other, more respectable reasons. Well, undoubtedly it would be difficult to make such determinations—but not impossible. It is a task comparable with that performed successfully for the better part of two decades by the National Labor Relations Board—which has had to determine whether men have been fired for labor-union activity or for more justifiable reasons. It can be done, if it is done with patience, perception, and a regard for due process.

The third major fallacy about FEPC is the notion that somehow education would be a fine alternative to it. Education is an indispensable part of the operation of an FEPC; it could be administered well only if it were administered with great restraint, with understanding of the prejudices that have taken root in American life and with recognition that persuasion is generally more potent than coercion in leading men to change long-settled habits.

But just as education may be considered essential to making FEPC work, FEPC may be considered an indispensable element in educating men to follow fair practices in employment. For law is one of the most potent educational forces.

The lack of a law in this field suggests that discriminatory employment practices are acceptable; enactment of a law would be a sign that discrimination on grounds of race and religion is deplored by the community as a whole.

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The Seven Conservatives Who Bottleneck Our Laws

IRVING M. ENGEL

IN THEIR 1948 platforms, both the Democratic and Republican Parties went on record as favoring Federal civil-rights legislation. After four years, no such law has reached the two houses of Congress for a vote. This stalemate has been generally attributed to the present Senate cloture rule, which makes it almost impossible to prevent filibustering. Actually, the House possesses an equally strong, though much less publicized, means of preventing debate on embarrassing measures.

A gag, according to Webster, can be "any forcible restraint of speech" or "a joke . . . a piece of ridiculing deception . . . hoax." Both definitions apply to the results of the so-called "gag rule" in the House of Representatives. It not only stifles free and open discussion of issues vital to the well-being of the country; it has made a hoax of one of the fundamental principles of democracy.

"Gag rule" is the name given to a system under which the Rules Committee in the House—or, more accurately, half the members of that committee—has arrogated to itself the power to determine whether given measures shall be admitted to or forever barred from the floor for debate and action.

How Order Became Law

There can be no quarrel with the basic purpose for which the Rules Committee was created. In the early days of the Republic there was little or no need for a program or agenda for the House. But as it grew larger and its business more complex it became unable to function efficiently without some form of regulation. Accordingly, the Rules Committee was made a standing committee in 1880, primarily to ensure that bills were considered in proper order. It was never contemplated that the Rules Committee, when it disapproved of a bill, would, by declining to grant a "rule," relegate that bill to limbo.

That is precisely what happened. Over the years, the Rules Committee assumed the right to determine, not *when* a bill should come on the floor of the House for debate and action, but *whether* it should be given consideration at any time.

The committee is composed of twelve members, eight from the majority party and four from the minority. This has meant that six men on the committee, by refusing to vote in favor of a "rule" for a pending piece of legislation, could keep the measure locked up indefinitely.

The gag rule operated at its worst during the Eightieth Congress in 1947 and 1948. It was one of the most decisive periods in our history; yet during that session a small group of irresponsible men in the Rules Committee did not hesitate to exercise their power to prevent or defer action on such measures as the bill to establish Universal Military Training and the low-cost housing bill.

To deal with this situation, the Administration, in January, 1949, put through an amendment by which a bill could be taken from the Rules Committee after that committee had held it for twenty-one days without action.

This rule did not deprive the committee of the power to regulate procedure and determine the order in which bills should come up for consideration. It did, however, prevent the Rules Committee, or any group of its members, from usurping the power to kill bills entirely or delay them indefinitely.

The Log Jam Broken

During the two years of the Eighty-first Congress such measures as the Anti-Poll Tax bill, the Alaska and Hawaii Statehood bills, the National Science Foundation bill, and the Veterans Administration Hospitals bill, which otherwise might never have left the Rules Committee, were brought out as a result of the twenty-one-day rule and passed by the House.

The great value of the twenty-one-day rule was strikingly illustrated in connection with the Anti-Poll Tax bill. It was introduced March 3, 1949, and was referred to the Committee on House Administration, which, after hearings by its Subcommittee on Elections, approved the measure by a vote of 11 to 7 on June 22, 1949. Two days later, the bill went to the Rules Committee. When it became apparent that no action would be taken by the Rules Committee, a motion was made on July 25, 1949, under the twenty-one-day rule, to take the bill from the Rules Committee. That motion passed by a vote of 262 to 100, and the bill itself was passed the following day by a vote

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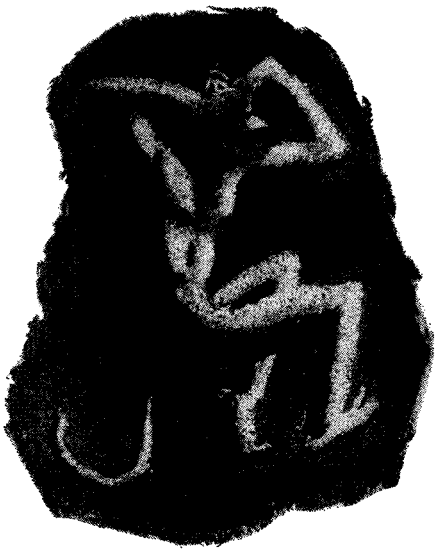


of 273 to 116. This important measure, which had been approved by the appropriate legislative committee and whose passage was desired by a great majority of the members of the House, would have been held up permanently in the Rules Committee had it not been for the twenty-one-day rule.

Notwithstanding the proven need for this rule and its satisfactory operation during the two years of the Eighty-first Congress, Representative Eugene Cox of Georgia, on the opening day of the Eighty-second Congress, in January, 1951, introduced a motion to repeal the 1949 amendment and thereby restore the gag rule. His motion was forced through the House by the now familiar coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats. The Republicans voted 152 to 42 in favor of restoration of the gag rule; the Democrats voted against, 136 to 92. The Democrats who voted for the gag rule were all Southerners.

Gagging on Civil Rights

The principal purpose in restoring the gag rule was to prevent passage of any civil-rights measures. It is worth remembering that the term "gag rule" was first given to a resolution adopted in 1836 providing that any petition to abolish slavery must immediately be tabled; such a petition could not be printed or debated, nor could any other action be taken upon it. The first gag rule, intended to perpetuate the institution of slavery, was no more indefensible than the present one.

Under a Democratic Administration, the Rules Committee is composed of eight Democrats and four Republicans. In practice, however, it is dominated by a closely knit coalition of four right-wing Republicans and three Dixiecrats—the last named being Howard W. Smith of Virginia, Eugene Cox of Georgia, and William M. Colmer of Mississippi. By virtue of the gag rule, these seven men—or any six of them—have virtually complete power to determine what legislation shall come on the floor of the House for action. The situation would be bad regardless of the political thinking of the men who make up this clique. The fact that almost without exception they have a long record of isolationism on foreign policy and reaction on the domestic scene makes it much worse.

The gag rule is used not merely to kill civil-rights measures; it may be applied to any bill which has a tinge

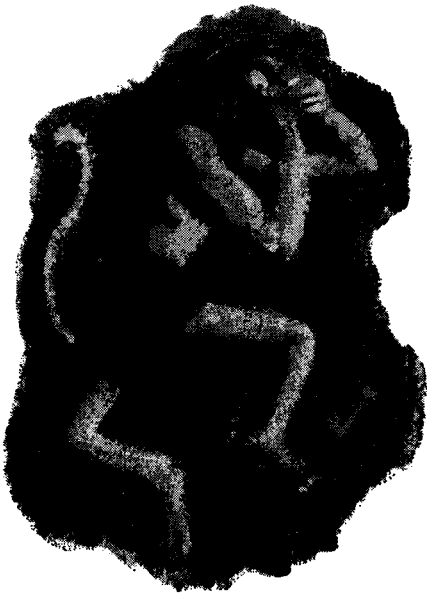
of liberalism. The most recent demonstration of its working was in connection with the 1951 bill for aid to India. The bill passed the Senate easily and then went to the House. On March 5, 1951, after public hearings, a large majority of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, including both Democrats and Republicans, voted approval. It then went to the Rules Committee. Although the proceedings in the Rules Committee are supposed to be secret, it immediately became known that the seven men mentioned were opposed to the bill and probably would not allow it to come out on the floor of the House. After an impasse of several weeks, the Foreign Affairs Committee was presented with an ultimatum: Unless the bill was changed so as to provide that aid to India be made in the form of a loan instead of a grant, it would be killed in the Rules Committee. The Foreign Affairs Committee finally capitulated and the change was made. The Rules Committee then graciously permitted the bill to go before the House, but only on condition that it could not be amended from the floor.

G.O.P. Skeleton

The fact that the seven men who dominate the Rules Committee include both Republicans and Democrats, and the fact that the proceedings in the Rules Committee are generally secret, tend to lessen party responsibility. When a measure having popular support is blocked in the Rules Committee, each party seeks to place the blame on the other, and the voters are left in confusion.

But the voters should not forget that the gag rule was restored because a great majority of Republican Congressmen joined with the Southerners in support of the measure. In doing this they acted contrary to the indicated views of the great mass of voters in the North and West, and they acted in violation of the civil-rights plank of their own party.

Republicans who support that plank should insist on a pledge from party leaders that the stand of Republican Congressmen in favor of the gag rule will be reversed at the opening of the Eighty-third Congress. The failure of representative leaders to give such a pledge in clear and unmistakable terms will present the Democrats with an issue which they can use with telling effect in the coming campaign.



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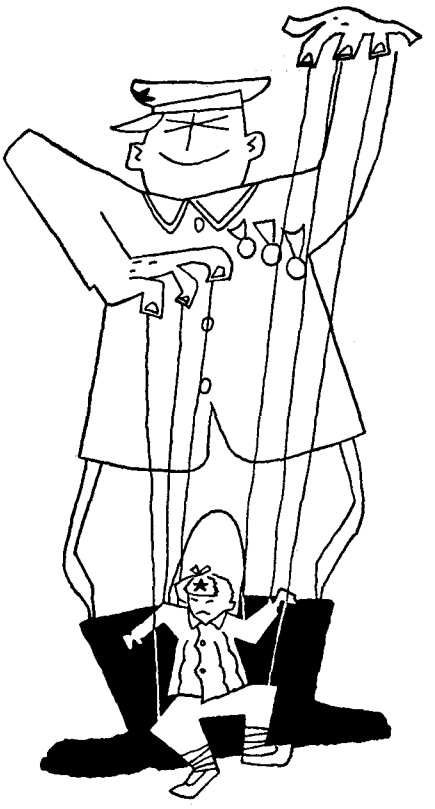
Why Red Troops Surrender in Korea



ROY A. GALLANT

ONE afternoon a hungry Chinese Communist soldier camouflaged himself in a foxhole and waited. Beaten savagely by U.N. artillery, the remnant of his infantry company had begun withdrawing farther into the mountains. Nearly twenty minutes after he had buried himself, the Chinese soldier heard the chatter of a Chinese Straggler and Deserter Capturing Unit, whose function is to remain behind a beaten company to return fugitives to their units for appropriate disciplinary action. Motionless, he waited for more than two hours, crouched uncomfortably in his hole. When he could no longer hear the voices, he crawled out into the air, fumbled in the ripped lining of his jacket, and pulled out a crumpled safe-conduct pass leaflet that he had picked up weeks before after it had been dropped from a U.N. aircraft. After wandering south for nearly an hour, the Chinese stopped by a stream and slowly waved his piece of paper at two American G.I.s who were sitting on the other side. Moments later he was led away.

He had managed to surrender.

Psywar

You can hear such stories nearly any evening when a group of prisoner-of-war interrogation officers get together. "Psywar" officers, men working in psychological warfare, are the most avid listeners to these yarns, for out of them come invaluable answers to the question *"Why* did this enemy soldier or that group of soldiers decide to surrender?"

The answers arm U.N. Psywar officers by revealing the doubts and personal misgivings the individual Chinese or North Korean soldier has about his Communist friends and leaders. But, more important, they help measure the effect of Communist counterpropaganda—a tough subject for any army mind reader to evaluate.

Most Psywar officers feel that the push-pull battle in Korea has brought into play a new device of psychological warfare, a device that is aimed at the intelligence level of the Communist soldier fighting in Korea. For lack of a better name it may be called "neutralizing" propaganda.

Propaganda Fatigue

It works something like this. The U.N. propagandist announces in leaflets and over the radio that the Communists are intentionally prolonging the war by refusing to compromise in the peace talks. The Communist propagandist realizes that a "no-it-isn't-so" answer would be poor propaganda because it would leave him on the defensive, and so in response he simply claims without qualification that the U.N. command is prolonging the war by refusing to compromise in the peace talks. The poor Communist soldier develops propaganda fatigue and no longer has the mental energy to believe or disbelieve, let alone analyze, either side's propaganda with any degree of objectivity.

A good portion of U.N. propaganda deals with basic human wants—food, companionship, shelter, treatment of illness. Here the Communist counterpropagandist becomes desperate. To neutralize the effect of our messages he has but one choice, the direct lie.

Soon after the Chinese soldier from the foxhole was brought to a prisoner-of-war camp, he was interrogated. "Why did you surrender?"

"I was hungry."

In a way, this is a disappointing answer. We might have preferred to hear something like "I was not satisfied with political conditions fostered by the Communists and so I decided to surrender." Two or three days before his surrender this soldier had been given a rice ball to eat. He couldn't remember just when. His company had been withdrawing and there was little food, even for the officers. Political thoughts were driven out of his mind by the pains in his stomach. One thing he did remember, however, was a leaflet that had been dropped—a leaflet that promised food and showed a group of prisoners eating. With rear-area Communist troops who enjoy an adequate diet, this leaflet would have been wasted, since it would not have dealt with an immediate problem. But for this front-line soldier, it hit home.

"Were you afraid to surrender?" he was asked next.

"Yes, but I didn't care."

He was afraid because the Communist political officer in his company had

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told him grisly tales of the fate of soldiers who gave themselves up to the "ruthless" U.N. forces. In his mind, surrender was a gamble for life with the odds greatly against him.

When a soldier decides to surrender he must ask himself several questions: "Will I be able to get through my own lines without being shot? Will the enemy think I am attacking and shoot me? Will I meet a fanatic who kills prisoners? Will the language barrier prevent a successful surrender? What proof do I have that the U.N. does not kill all its prisoners?" These are only a few of the questions his political officer has implanted.

Among answers to the question "Why did you surrender?" are these:

"The medical care given by the United Nations is excellent. There was none in the Communist army."

"I was a member of the Chinese Nationalist Army and was forced to serve the Communists."

"Not enough food. Had to eat cotton to fill our stomachs."

"Because I do not like Communism and the endless lectures and criticism meetings."

To us it seems logical that the dissatisfied soldiers in either the North Korean or Chinese Armies would surrender because conditions are so bad. Since more of them don't surrender, some of us tend to think of them as political psychopaths. This is not the case.

At least half of the soldiers in North Korea come from farms where their minds were seldom disturbed by such abstract concepts as political idealism, freedom, and the rights of man. Suddenly they found themselves fighting, and that is one fact they do know. What they are fighting for really isn't important to them—a thought the western mind perhaps will never be able to appreciate. And for whom they are fighting is simply a matter of circumstance. Many of the soldiers who have surrendered say that since they must fight they would just as soon fight for the United Nations (this is not permitted) because the food is better or because medical care is more efficient. There is very little political idealism.

In his primitive thought world the average enemy soldier lives only from sunrise to sunset, relegating dreams of home and family to a never-never land he *may* arrive at some day. In this state of mind he fights on without enthusiasm, without political motivation, only with an instinctive cunning that makes the continuation of life possible.

The Ninety-Day Wonders

On the other hand, there is a small but powerful number of volunteer Chinese Communists who are constantly fighting a war of idealism. They are political officers engaged in propaganda activities, expounding party-line doctrine, and acting as unit spies among their own troops. Because of the nature of their work, members of this select group are granted special privileges—more food than the rifleman receives and less drudgery. These are the stiff Communist activists who take great pride in being able to recite the doctrines of Marx, Lenin, and Stalin verbatim and who frequently deliver long and tedious lectures to their troops. Their imaginations are on occasion as fertile as their political convictions are immovable. These officers are scattered throughout the Communist armies down to and including the squad level. They maintain a hawk-like eye on their men, constantly attempting to drive the thought of surrender out of their minds and severely punishing any who try to surrender if their attempt fails.

Their audiences, the men who carry guns into the field and hope they will return alive, in several respects are as heterogeneous as the U.N. army itself. Serving at the present time in the conglomerate Communist armies fighting in Korea are Korean Communists, Chinese Communists, conscripted Chinese Nationalists, and a number of Republic of Korea prisoners forced to fight and carry out various labor details. Accordingly, the U.N. propagandists who with their leaflets and news sheets attempt to "talk" to the fighting Communist soldier are at a decided disadvantage, since the Communists at whom leaflets are aimed belong to four distinct groups.

About thirty per cent of the Chinese Communist soldiers are, for most propaganda purposes, illiterate. They can read only numbers, road signs, and the essential characters needed for shopping and following simple directions. A second thirty per cent have a reading vocabulary of about two hundred characters, while another thirty per cent know approximately five hundred, barely enough to enable the Chinese to read his daily newspaper. The remaining ten per cent have a knowledge of about 1,500 word-characters. With sixty per cent of the main army we are fighting not equipped to read even a newspaper, our own propagandists and translators must restrict their vocabularies unmercifully, relying largely on photographs and hand illustrations to make their material first understandable, then, if possible, effective. The Communist political officers, on the other hand, hold their meetings and speak to the men in person about the latest U.N. "atrocities."

Several weeks after one particularly severe local battle in which quite a few Chinese were killed and their bodies abandoned, a green infantry company of Communist soldiers stumbled onto the gruesome scene and was startled by the bodies, which had turned black from weeks of exposure. The company's quick-thinking political officer carefully explained that the Americans were using a new poisonous gas that kills a man instantly and subsequently turns his body black.

Frequently, U.N. leaflets picture prisoners of war playing volleyball and billiards, eating, or receiving medical treatment. In the photographs, the prisoners' eyes used to be blacked out so that they could not be identified. On seeing these leaflets, political officers told their men that the prisoners' eyes had been blacked out to hide the horrible scars left after U.N. torturers had gouged the eyeballs out. As soon as U.N. propagandists learned of this counter-propaganda device they stopped re-

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touching the photographs. Now, with permission of the prisoner, the pictures are reproduced unretouched. But the Communist political officers have a new explanation for photographs of prisoners receiving medical treatment. The Americans are injecting the prisoner with a deadly poison that kills a man slowly and painfully. Usually, when a Communist soldier brings a U.N. leaflet to his political officer he is either told some fantastic story like this one or, if the leaflet does not readily lend itself to counterpropaganda, he is simply punished for having picked it up. If a soldier is caught reading a leaflet in secret or if a political officer discovers a safe-conduct pass hidden in his clothing, the punishment is sometimes execution before the company.

Despite threats and censorship, the Communist Chinese and Korean soldiers continue to read U.N. leaflets in defiance of the feared political officers. When threats and punishment fail, the political officers tell their men that U.N. leaflets are contaminated with a poisonous substance. This story is also used to explain away epidemic diseases. The men are warned against using leaflets for cigarette or toilet paper.

To drown out loudspeaker surrender appeals from U. N. aircraft and sound trucks, the Chinese political officers force their men to open fire indiscriminately into the air, beat on empty tin pans, and shout wildly. These outbursts are rarely effective, and the soldier is often able to hear the broadcast and act in accordance with its surrender instructions.

On the Defensive

As long as we can continue to keep the Reds on the psychological defensive, we have the advantage over them. And to date we have done precisely this. The fact that they continually attempt to explain away our arguments tells us that our propaganda is favorably influencing that vast reservoir of minds that characteristically depend on other minds to do their thinking for them.

Just how much the Communist troops actually believe of what they are told is hard to tell. We have learned from prisoners of a slowly growing hatred for Communist behavior. The Psywar officers hope that this hatred can be reshaped into a political idea. This is one of the chief objectives in leaflet writing and radio broadcasting. The degree of success can be measured partly by the vigor with which the Communist political officers pursue counterpropaganda campaigns among their own troops, and partly by the enemy troops' reaction to this counterpropaganda.

If the U.N. propaganda has not met with some success, why are Communist troops risking their lives by "getting lost" at night, lagging behind their retreating companies, and faking death or wounds so that the U.N. forces will find them and take them prisoner?

Why Our Red Prisoners Refuse to Go Home

RUTH and GEORGE BARRETT

KOJE ISLAND

IT WAS a clammy morning on Koje Island when the canned voice blared across the stockade out of the loudspeaker on the barbed-wire fence. Bang Se Myung was curled up on his yellow rice mat on the floor of the clay-walled prison barracks that he had helped to construct. He had a lucky spot, directly under a head-high opening. A clean sea smell broke through the odor of the 276 Korean captives who were curled up all around him and helped to stifle the gagging stench that rose from the open sanitation buckets.

In these surroundings Bang was not unhappy. If anything, he was about as happy as he had ever been in his life. Bang had the first pair of leather boots he had ever owned. He had gained six pounds during the six months he had been behind barbed wire. At least seventy of his fellow captives in the barracks had tuberculosis, but the American doctor had said that probably he would not get it now. He liked the volleyball games and the relay races, and there were lots of little things he was glad to have, like the tins of jelly, the cigarettes every second day, and the rolls of tissue paper the Americans invited him to use instead of the rag he had always carried under his belt.

The voice from the box repeated the message several times before Bang really understood it. All prisoners were to be divided up. Those who wanted to go back to North Korea would be put into one compound, and those who did not want to go back would be placed in another.

On both sides of Bang and across the center gutter of the barracks, prisoners were sitting up and listening. The voice continued: Any prisoner who did not want to go home should remember that his family would probably get into real

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trouble, because the Communists had a list of all prisoners in United Nations hands. Prisoners who decided to stay in South Korea might not get jobs, and the United Nations would make no promises about providing a living.

No Games, No Dances

There was no track meet that day; there were no songfests, no pantomimes, no dances staged by men in painted faces and colorful Korean silks. They talked instead, and wondered. They wondered particularly about the question that asked prisoners who chose to stay in South Korea what they would do if the United Nations used force to send them back to North Korea. The voice from the box told Bang and all the other prisoners to think very carefully about the questions because each man would have to give his own answers soon. That afternoon there was another special announcement: The People's Government of the Democratic People's Republic of China and the People's Government of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea promised all prisoners that they would be returned to their homes and that there would be no punishments for those who had expressed anti-Communist ideas.

Some prisoners said it was all a trick, some said the Communists would never keep their promise of amnesty, some said Kim Il Sung meant it when he declared that prisoners would not be blamed for turning anti-Communist while in Allied prison camps. But Bang and his friends were much more concerned with the immediate problem of lining up for the nightly rice ration.

It was not so with the "hanchos," the leaders of the companies and battalions in the compound. They met that night in their command post, a bamboo-walled storeroom behind the burlap-curtained stage that had been put up for the Army's Information and Education Program. After the meeting, word got down fast to every prisoner to vote to go to North Korea.

The broadcasts were repeated the next day, with instructions to the prisoners not to tell anybody what they had decided to do.

The Voting Was Orderly

At eight o'clock on the third morning the high barbed-wire gate swung open, and unarmed American soldiers set up four squad tents, each divided into six canvas cubicles. Bang had his blanket wrapped around his North Korean Army mess gear and an extra change of clothes. Bang's line moved quickly; the screening process for his compound of more than six thousand captives took less than six hours. When Bang's turn arrived he found himself in a cubicle with a Korean civilian. Bang was in the cubicle for ninety seconds. The Korean asked him seven questions. While he was answering the fourth, an American who spoke Korean came into the polling booth to check up and see to it that the Korean interviewer did not try to scare Bang into saying that he wanted to stay in South Korea.

Even more precautions were taken in the Chinese compounds. Although Formosan and Hong Kong Chinese were employed on Koje as instructors for the I.&E. program, none were used in the screening. Either Americans of Chinese ancestry or Americans who knew how to speak Chinese were assigned to the job.

If in any of a prisoner's seven answers there was the slightest indication that he was not desperate to stay out of Communist hands, he was quickly led to the end of the tent that opened back into his own compound with all the others who chose North Korea.

Bang did not choose North Korea. On the crucial seventh question, along with more than fifty per cent of the Korean and seventy per cent of the Chinese captives, he indicated how strongly he wanted to stay in South Korea.

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Asked by his interviewer what he would do if the United Nations Command shipped him to North Korea, Bang said, "I'll kill myself." The only variation of this that could have kept Bang in South Korea was an equally flat declaration that he would try to escape, fighting to the death, if necessary, against his guards.

The Admiral's Doubts

Why did so many vote so firmly against Communism? A lot of people who are more concerned about a cease-fire in Korea than they are about the fate of North Korean and Chinese troops who tried their best to kill Americans are asking some questions of their own.

How valid was the questioning in the first place? It has been reliably reported that Vice-Admiral C. Turner Joy, who was then the chief United Nations delegate at the armistice talks, recommended, after he had heard the results, that the screening process be done over again. Why did we demand from frightened and confused men behind barbed wire a difficult, almost impossible choice, instead of simply serving notice that all prisoners were to be sent home, leaving it to those who were terrified by the prospect to come forth voluntarily and make an appeal not to be sent back home?

Many of the answers given by the prisoners, who are primitive, often illiterate, more often childishly simple, seem to have an unreal quality about them. It is also true that almost any question put to a man behind barbed wire by his captors is a "loaded" question.

Bang's refusal to go back to North Korea meant leaving his rice and barley farm, his wife, his baby son, his father, his mother, and his two brothers. "I'm afraid," he said. "I surrendered, and they might shoot me if I went back. Maybe they'll say I didn't work hard enough at the drills here. Maybe they'll say I talked to American guards too much. They'll shoot me."

Bang's face betrayed no more emotion than if he were saying that if he missed the six o'clock bus, he'd take the one that left at seven o'clock.

Broken Bones and New Fatigues

Less than a week later, we saw on Koje what Bang meant. Three little Korean men, their faces impassive, looked into hidden pits and wells in Communist Compound 77, searching for friends—one of the men for his son—who had entered the quarters of stockade leaders and never come out. The three searchers found the men they were looking for: Their hands were tied behind their backs, their bones broken, their faces still bleeding. In that compound that afternoon we saw sixteen bodies pulled out from silt

and water under the hanchos' barracks and nearby trenches. Later that afternoon we talked to four Korean prisoners in another compound, "anti-Communist suspects" who had been slated for midnight bludgeoning. These captives had been freed from their inner captivity in the nick of time. Two of them had already ceased to stroke the welts and bruises behind their knees, caused by poles the Communists had used to tie them up in crouched positions for six days, and were fondly caressing the creases in the new fatigues the army doctors had given them. Their sudden release from the fatalistic contemplation of death—"*Mei you fu tse*" ("There is no help for it") is how the Chinese put it—to the satisfaction of fingering their new clothes had the irrational abruptness of a child's quick grin after sobs.

What makes a prisoner vote against Communism or for democracy is an accumulation of experience rather than a sudden political choice. As a matter of fact, it is precisely the word "choice" that brings into the lives of many of the prisoners the first real taste of democracy and human dignity.

The bald truth is that for the Korean and for the Chinese it makes little difference whose flag is flying from the house of his country's top hancho. Most of the Koreans and the Chinese prisoners have enjoyed more comforts behind Allied barbed wire than they ever had in their own hills. It is not so important to them that many of them have learned to read and to write—which ten thousand of them have, that they have seen American documentaries showing how Detroit auto workers and Tennessee farmers live, that experts have instructed them in how to increase their potato and rice yields, or that they have become shoemakers, tinsmiths, carpenters, and bricklayers. It is the accumulation of all these things as a new and exciting reality that overshadows the pattern of primordial survival that formerly shaped their lives.

Of course the desire to survive was still in the minds of the prisoners when they answered the seven questions. While many of the evils and disappointments the prisoners complain about in North Korea are matched in South Korea, including the bright promises that both governments have made and failed to keep, the majority of prisoners have decided that their chances of simple survival, of outwitting the various grades of local tyrants on both sides of the parallel, are better in the south. We found that the food and clothes and medicine brought into Korea on ships flying U.N. flags—supplies which, for all the black-marketeering and official thievery, have one way or another been seen and used and appreciated by most Koreans—have done more to influence the balloting in the squad tents than anything the North Korean or Chinese Communists ever did, good or bad.

Soldiers of Misfortune

Some other rather astonishing facts have come out of the barbed-wire referendum. Of the seventy per cent of the Chinese Communist captives who said

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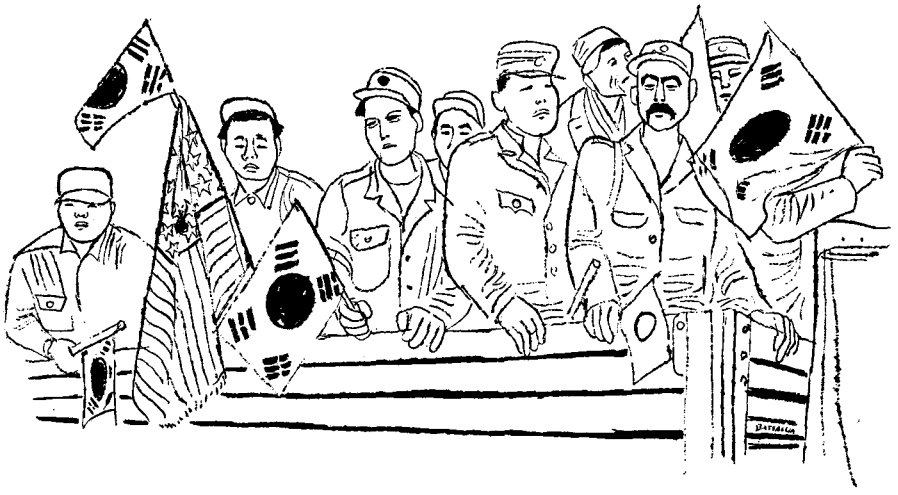


"No" to Mao Tse-tung, almost half are soldiers who once served with Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist Army. Like many of the Nationalist units who went over to the Communists with their unit commander when he switched alliances, they simply did as they were told, asking no questions and getting no information. One of the first Chinese with whom we talked had never heard of President Truman or Marshal Stalin or the United Nations, and others did not even know that they were in a place called Korea.

These men are the mercenaries of Asia, the men who join armies because in armies one at least eats. For them the switch from the corruption and hardships of the Nationalist Army to service in a victorious Communist army was not very difficult. And yet, in anonymous story tests, in signed themes, in psychological projection tests, and in voluntary discussion groups, the Chinese prisoners gave proof that while there were many things they should have known and didn't, there was one grim fact they had all caught onto very quickly: Their chances of survival were fearfully low in the kind of human-sea warfare the Communists conducted in Korea.

This instinct for survival that makes so many of them now want to go to Formosa as the lesser of two evils has been identified by careful psychological testing. One of the basic attitude tests at Koje Island was to show the prisoners a series of sketches of dog families in typical human scenes involving prisoners of war and governments.

A standard shot showed a papa dog arriving at his little farm and a little puppy looking up and asking his father what he had learned at the prisoner-of-war camp. Communist prisoners wrote in answers like "I learned that the Americans made girls into prostitutes and little boys into shoeshine beggars." The answers from those who rejected Communism were a little less concerned with propaganda and more concerned with the practical realities. "I learned that there are countries where people lead happy lives" was a typical reply. The theme of hunger ran through the Chinese answers, and there was the same quick corollary in all essays and all bull sessions: "The rice goes to Russia." Again and again the word "starve"—a mute ideograph showing a man separated from his food—was painstakingly delineated by the captives.

The Folks Back Home

Many of those with wives and families who chose never to go home again probably did so because their sense of time and reality had been suspended, pretty much as a child can make an impulsive decision without regard for consequences. The contrast between past miseries and the relative luxuries of the present—in human dignity as well as physical comforts—is so sharp that many of the captives cannot think beyond tomorrow.

About one-third of the Chinese captives and one-half of the Korean captives are married. Some of those who chose to scuttle their families out of their own desperation and fear believe that the clan will take care of their families. Some of them seem to think that some day, somehow, they will be able to go home again. For the lucky Koreans it seems to be no more than a question of sweating out a cease-fire and then bringing their wives and children down to South Korea via one of the scores of underground railways.

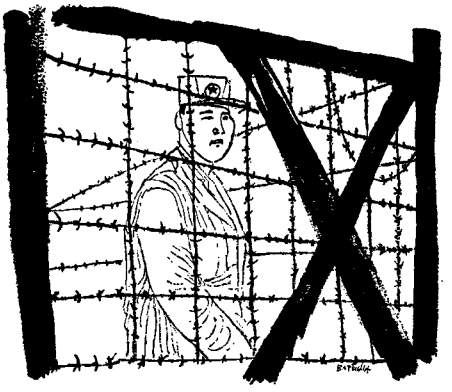
The familiar refrain of disillusionment in Communist promises runs through the prison camps: Land "reform" has left the farmer poorer, and taxes, supposed to be reduced to twenty-three per cent, have ended up as high as eighty per cent because of special levies for the People's Army, for planes and tanks, for youth movements, for peace campaigns, and for local purposes ad infinitum.

A sample poll of 83,252 Korean captives in fifteen compounds produced the significant fact that students, so often the firebrands of revolutionary societies, have had more than their fill of Kim Il Sung; less than fifteen per cent of the students voted to go north.

The White Box or the Black Box

Some of the more articulate captives who refused to return to North Korea offered acid comments. Like Pak Doe Koo: "North Korea is just a branch now of the Russian firm that advertises wine and sells vinegar." Or like Lee Geun Ill: "The Communists gave us two choices on elections: the white box for the ballot favoring the Communist candidates or the black box for the opposition—the long, black box for burial." Or like Um Dong Bok: "Living in North Korea is like standing on broken bricks."

The payoff for the Chinese and Koreans has been not the promise but the reality, not politics but everyday life. What democracy can do at its worst —barbed-wire stockades, occasional vicious outbursts by "gook"-minded G.I.s, and a gloomily indefinite future —still leaves room for hope in the minds of the prisoners who turned their backs on Communism.



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West German Rearmament And the Politburo

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

THE SIGNING of the contractual agreements between the western powers and the West German Government of Dr. Konrad Adenauer has, on the face of it, been the greatest diplomatic defeat Russia has suffered in a decade. The destruction of Germany's military power was Russia's most loudly proclaimed purpose in the last war. Yet seven years after V.-E. Day, the ghost of the old Wehrmacht seems about to take on flesh and blood to confront Russia. This, it might seem, should have provoked Moscow to a dramatic reaction.

What has happened so far seems to justify a forecast made in *The Reporter* of May 23, 1950, when German rearmament and its possible repercussions were becoming a topic of public debate. "Should western Germany . . . be rearmed and included in the Atlantic bloc, Russia would counter by overtly arming eastern Germany," *The Reporter* said then. "It may be doubted whether the Kremlin would counter the revival of a west German Wehrmacht with any *military* move more drastic than this."

The government of East Germany has indeed declared that it intends to set up its own army. In addition, it has sealed off the frontier of East Germany and created a "security zone" along it. Walter Ulbricht and Otto Grotewohl have accompanied these moves by warnings about the threat of civil war and by vociferous denunciations of "the traitors of Bonn." But these actions were carried out less firmly than might have been expected. The rulers of East Germany had no sooner declared their intention of creating their own army and decreed tightened security measures on the interzonal line than they announced that these were only temporary measures designed to remain in force as long as the Bonn government persisted in building up a separate army. Moscow apparently had ordered its protégés to burn no boats.

Perfunctory Denunciations

Moscow's own reticence has been even more striking. The Kremlin has issued no official statement explicitly backing up the action taken by the East German government. It seems anxious to preserve its freedom of maneuver and to be able to resume its campaign for Germany's unification. No suggestion has come from any Russian quarter that the contracts signed in Bonn and Paris have ruled out agreement between Russia and the West over Germany.

The emphasis is still on continued negotiation. The recent reshuffling of ambassadors, with Andrei Gromyko established at the Soviet Embassy in London, may well foreshadow a period of more active diplomatic maneuvering designed to re-establish contact with the West. The Politburo may well believe that if a limited agreement with the West is still possible, Churchill and Eden are the men to bring it about. Incidentally, the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Affairs might well have reminded the British Foreign Office that the decision to rearm Germany openly conflicted with the Anglo-Soviet alliance of 1942, an alliance concluded by Churchill and Eden, which is nominally in force for another ten years. But no such reminder has come from Moscow.

Russian caution over the Bonn agreements is further and even more strongly underlined by the trend of Russian domestic propaganda. The commentators have, of course, duly denounced the "conspiracy" hatched at Bonn and the "revival of German militarism and Nazism." But these denunciations have not gone beyond prescribed routine. They have indeed been so perfunctory as to suggest that the propagandists have been explicitly instructed to play down the event. No real attempt has been made to arouse popular emotions. The question of the North Korean and Chinese prisoners of war on Koje Island and even the arrest of Duclos have overshadowed the Bonn agreements in Soviet domestic propaganda. All over the Soviet Union, in town and country, in factories and on collective farms, meetings have been held to protest against the treatment of the prisoners on Koje. No campaign of this sort has been staged in connection with the arming of West Germany. Yet it cannot be doubted that this was the issue over which much genuine popular emotion could have been stirred: Many Great Russian and Ukrainian towns still lie in ruins.

The Open Reasons

There are several reasons, some obvious and others less so, behind Moscow's comparative silence. The most obvious is the hope that the Bonn agreements may not be ratified. On both sides of the Rhine, strong forces are arrayed

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against ratification. Neither M. Pinay's nor Dr. Adenauer's Government commands a stable majority. The defection of a few Deputies from either governmental coalition might suffice to upset the delicate political balance reflected in the Bonn agreements; it might do so much more effectively than any action sponsored by the German or French Communists. The frustration or the shelving of ratification would be a windfall for the Politburo.

Another windfall might be produced by the "contradictions in the imperialist camp." Only quite recently, *Bolshevik,* still the most authoritative Soviet paper, said:

"German imperialism, now in process of resurrection, outwardly reconciles itself with the existing situation, and strives with American help to gather strength. This does not mean, however, that it has renounced its aggressive ambitions and its *independent role* . . . and this can only speed up the growth of contradictions between . . . German imperialism and its protector, American imperialism, not to speak of the English and the French."

In other words, *Bolshevik* expects the rulers of West Germany, flushed with success, to raise their stakes and step up their demands to an extent which may frighten even their well-wishers across the Atlantic.

It would be unwise, however, to mistake the expectations and arguments of the propagandists for the real calculations of the Politburo. The latter would no doubt welcome delays in the ratification of the Bonn agreements and discord in the western camp, but it hardly sets great store by these possibilities. In its calculations the Politburo has undoubtedly made allowance for the ratification of the contractual agreements by all the parliaments concerned. On the broader issue of "contradictions in the imperialist camp," Stalin and his closest associates probably reason also more realistically than may appear from the editorial comments in *Pravda* and *Bolshevik*. These contradictions have indeed saved the Soviet régime twice: during the wars of intervention and during the Second World War. But in 1918-1920 and in 1941-1945, the West was divided between different competing or hostile power centers. The present absolute preponderance of the United States in the West and the dependence of western governments on the United States for their sheer survival make it most unlikely, even in the Politburo's eyes, that the contradictions between Russia's adversaries should manifest themselves with their previous vigor and on their previous scale. The Politburo may try to drive all possible wedges into the Atlantic bloc; but unless it has lost all sense of reality, it is making its basic strategic plans on the assumption that it can cause no genuine split in that bloc. It must reckon with the continued cohesion of the West and with the resurgence of Germany military strength.

What, then, accounts for Moscow's relatively calm reception of the Bonn agreements? Is it sheer embarrassment or cool calculation?

Parallel Strategies

In this writer's view, even if there is a momentary embarrassment in Moscow, the Politburo and the Soviet General Staff base their policy in Germany, and not only in Germany, on a fairly complex and carefully laid out strategic design. Paradoxically, it is not very different from the strategic design of the West, and indeed runs parallel to it. The Truman-Acheson foreign policy has aimed at the building up of "positions of strength" and has assumed that time is working for the West. The Stalin-Molotov-Vishinsky policy similarly strives to create positions of strength and assumes that time is Russia's ally. The main difference lies in the nature of the positions of strength which each side hopes to create.

Seen from Moscow, the postwar balance of strength has been extremely advantageous to Russia in some respects and extremely disadvantageous in others. Since 1945 the Soviet war economy has been only half demobilized, and the Soviet armed strength has been superior to that of the West. The balance of actual military power has favored Russia, especially since the American and British demobilization in 1946-1947. In combination with the pressure of local Communist Parties, Russia's military strength allowed for the expansion and consolidation of its "sphere of influence" between 1945 and 1950. The balance of potential power, however, has been adverse to Russia.

The rise of the Atlantic bloc and the rearmament of the West have been gradually changing the balance of actual strength to Russia's disadvantage. The arming of West Germany threatens to carry this process a stage further. Yet Russia's preponderance in Europe still enables the Politburo and the Soviet General Staff to view this threat with some equanimity. If the Bonn agreements are ratified and if the plans for German rearmament are carried out smoothly, the result will be not more than twelve German divisions by 1955. This addition to western strength may be largely offset by the divisions which the East German government will place under Soviet command. The

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wars in Korea, Indo-China, and Malaya may continue to drain western resources to an extent which the West German Army will not make good. But the Politburo apparently hopes that even if there were nothing to offset the German contribution to the European Defense Community, the strategic prospects for Russia would still look better than is assumed in the West.

In the next few years, Russia is likely to compensate any loss in the balance of actual power by gains in potential strength. The one point about which the Politburo is quite clear in its mind —a point which Hitler missed but on which Stalin has dwelt repeatedly—is that actual military power may win battles but that relative potential strengths decide the outcome of wars. That is why the Politburo has so far shown no sign of contemplating an invasion of western Europe even though the Soviet Army is in a position to carry out such an operation. Stalin is no believer in blitzkrieg, and he has no desire to implicate his régime in a war in which he cannot win the last battle.

Nor does the Politburo believe that Russia or the Soviet bloc can become so strong in the foreseeable future as to defeat the Atlantic bloc either by military or by combined military and political means. It does seem to be convinced, however, that Russia can very rapidly increase its economic-military potential to a point at which the Atlantic bloc would not be able to defeat Russia either. If the Truman-Acheson policy aims at restoring the equilibrium of actual military power between East and West, then Stalin's policy concentrates on creating something like an equilibrium between the military potentials.

More Steel vs. More Divisions

It would be rash to dismiss this as a wholly unrealizable ambition. The momentum of Russia's industrialization has been so unprecedented that the West has been slow in gauging its impact upon world policy. Every decade brings radical changes in Russia's structure and outlook, despite the immutable political façade. At the beginning of the 1930's Russia was industrially much nearer to India than to Germany. By the end of the 1930's Russia's industrial war potential had almost caught up with Germany's. After the economic setbacks of the war, Russia has resumed its industrial advance at a pace which has surprised not only western observers but, to judge from certain indications, even the Politburo. Between 1945 and 1951 the output of steel rose from about twelve million to over thirty-one million tons. If, as is probable, this rate of expansion is maintained, Soviet steel mills should turn out nearly fifty million tons by 1955.

The policymakers of the Atlantic powers count primarily the divisions they will be able to raise by 1955. The Politburo, not forgetting about the divisions, adds up the millions of tons of steel it will then have at its disposal. Both sides have made their bargain with time, and each believes that it has struck the better bargain.

Even with a steel output of fifty million tons, the balance will still be heavily against Russia. The United State alone can produce more than double this amount of steel. Yet the statistical comparison, all-important from the purely economic angle, is partly misleading from the strategic standpoint. The military potential represented by a million tons of Soviet steel is considerably higher than that represented by its American counterpart. Because of the primitive level of Russian life, the proportion of steel output that goes to satisfy civilian needs is negligible compared with the irreducible minimum of metal the United States must divert to civilian

needs in order to keep its complex productive mechanism and social organism functioning.

It is difficult to be precise about this, but it may be assumed that the military yield—i.e., the engineering and armament plants and the ready munitions —which Russia may obtain from fifty million tons of steel may be equivalent to the military yield of seventy or seventy-five million tons in the United States. Thus a Russian output of fifty million tons should go a long way to bridge the gulf between the Russian and the American military potentials.

These purely industrial elements form only part of the power equation. Russia's geographic position is also a strategic factor of first importance. Russia holds a central position vis-à-vis Europe and Asia. The Soviet General Staff can move its forces along internal lines. The Atlantic bloc, if it were to strike at Russia, would have to do so along external lines—at the other end of enormous transoceanic and transcontinental communications routes.

For effective military action on internal lines, less power is needed than for such action on external lines. It was to a similar geographic advantage that Nazi Germany owed its victories in the years 1938-1942. But whereas Hitler only benefited from his central position in Europe, Stalin holds the center of bicontinental Eurasia.

In short, the Politburo expects that with these and other advantages and with a few years more of industrialization it can build up positions of strength, potential and actual, from which it will be able to confront the Atlantic bloc with confidence.

Compared with this large purpose, a score more or a score fewer divisions in western Europe may not, after all, seem vital to Stalin. His main aim is now, as it was in the 1930's, to gain time, time, and more time. But as on the eve of the Second World War, he may yet blunder in his calculations.

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The Dubious Future Of Aneurin Bevan

WOODROW WYATT

ANEURIN BEVAN, in his contest with the official leadership of the Labour Party, has many assets on his side. He is the most brilliant parliamentarian in the House of Commons, Winston Churchill not excepted. He thinks on his feet with machine-gun rapidity. Anyone who dares interrupt him is immediately demolished. His powers of expression and his oratorical gifts do not suffer when they are transferred from the special and intimate atmosphere of the House of Commons to the public platform. He never speaks to a Labour Party audience without getting prolonged applause. It is not the difficulties in the march of progress that are reflected in Mr. Bevan's speeches; it is the ease with which progress could be made if only the laggards who clog up the official machine were true Socialists like himself.

When Mr. Bevan resigned from the Labour Government in April, 1951, giving the size of Britain's rearmament program as his major reason, he automatically assembled under his banner the traditional pacifists in the party; the fellow travelers; the section which, as in all left-wing parties, believes that the official leadership has in some mysterious way been seduced by the opposing party; and those who sincerely think that the extent of the Russian menace has been exaggerated and that Britain has been forced into an arms program that will ruin the nation.

The Rebel Gains Strength

These miscellaneous groups form a very strong element in the party. Their influence has undoubtedly grown since the economic situation again became acute last October and since the slowing down of the rearmament program by the Conservative Government. Both developments appeared to prove that Mr. Bevan was more correct in his judgment than the Labour Government. That is illogical: Mr. Bevan did not forecast the balance-of-payments crisis when he resigned; and the first Conservative budget showed that the rearmament program, as modified, will not call for increased sacrifices from the British people this year. But logic in politics is nowhere nearly as effective as emotion.

In the Labour Party, for great historical and not unjustified reasons, fear and hatred of war have not only been unusually intense but have spilled over, among many, into pacifism. The pacifist element in the Labour Party has steadily decreased over the last twenty years, but in quarters where there was outright pacifism before 1939 there still is a marked feeling that something about preparations for defense is vaguely indecent.

Yet it is not only pacifists and near pacifists in the Labour Party who have long been unhappy about the Labour Party's postwar approach to arms. A more formidable group are those who still naïvely believe, or pretend to believe, that friendship with Russia could be secured if only the right gesture were made by the West. Members of this group are apt to regard America as a greater menace to world peace than Stalin or Mao Tse-tung.

By now sixty to seventy per cent of the constitutency Labour parties—committees formed by the most active party workers in the constituencies to run the local party machines—are on Mr. Bevan's side. Support among trade-unionists for the views he has expressed is also growing. Last April the Union of Shop, Distributive and Allied Workers, 300,000 strong, passed a resolution denouncing the present arms program as too big. In May, the national committee of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, with a total membership of nearly 715,000, endorsed a resolution containing reservations on rearmament.

This trend in the trade unions is due mainly to the inevitable and almost universal dislike of rearmament programs. When the Labour Government was in office, that dislike was suppressed in the interests of solidarity with the Government; inhibitions against expressing it were removed with Labour's defeat. In the Shop, Distributive and Allied Workers Union, hostility to rearming is no new feature and has nothing to do with "Bevanism." It comes from the old and long association of many of its leading officials with the now-defunct Independent Labour Party, which was always a pacifist body.

The Amalgamated Engineering Union's resolution did not go nearly as far as did the Shop, Distributive and Allied Workers'. Although its head said he thought the arms program was too big, he was at pains to point out

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that if Mr. Bevan and the AEU appeared to be in partial agreement it was not by arrangement between Bevan and the union.

The Anti-Bevanites

The Labour Party has three main elements: the trade unions, the Parliamentary Labour Party, and the constituency parties. The leaders of most of the big trade unions make no secret of their opposition to Mr. Bevan, both personal and political. At the annual Labour Party conference, where the general lines of policy are laid down for the year, the attitude of the big unions is decisive because they represent many more millions of members than the constituency parties—delegates' votes are not counted singly but according to the membership strengths of their organizations.

The Transport and General Workers' Union, with a membership of 1,240,000, the National Union of Mineworkers, 602,000 strong, and the General and Municipal Workers, with 785,000 members, will undoubtedly continue to support the official leadership of the party; and if there is a straight conflict at the party conference in October between these unions and the dissenting ones, the former can win easily. But a head-on clash of this kind is highly improbable.

Unless Mr. Bevan can secure the passage of a resolution calling for a reduction in arms and denouncing the present defense policy, there will be no success either for him or his policy. There does not seem the slightest possibility of his forcing such a resolution through. On May 29 the General Council of the Trades Union Congress, which is the governing body of all British trade unions, issued a statement strongly supporting Britain's defense program in general terms. It did not specify any precise figure for expenditure on arms, but it did assert that there could be no relaxation of the maximum effort possible within Britain's economic framework. Even the slightly rebellious Amalgamated Engineering Union would be very likely to endorse a rearmament resolution at the Labour Party conference if it were drafted in similar terms, and presumably the party leadership would not ask for more precise ones.

On June 4, the eleven-million-strong Co-operative Congress, which is affiliated with the Labour Party and whose members overlap with it, rejected a resolution protesting against "the huge sums being spent on rearmament." The resolution was rejected by delegates representing nearly seven million members against a vote of 4.5 million. An amendment which sought to congratulate "upon their courageous action" the fifty-seven Labour M.P.s who voted in March, 1952, against the Parliamentary Labour Party on defense in the House of Commons was defeated even more decisively.

The second vote showed that the Labour supporters who approve personally of Mr. Bevan are decidedly fewer than those who are worried about rearmament.

Penalty of Desertion

The virtue most prized in the trade-union movement is loyalty. Mr. Bevan has never hesitated to demonstrate that his opinion on what policy ought to be overrides his loyalty to the movement and to the Labour Party as a whole. He demonstrated this attitude when he was expelled from the party before the war. He did so when he resigned from the Labour Government in April, 1951, denouncing the charges put on false teeth and spectacles by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He did so again when he disregarded the recent Parliamentary party decision on defense and led fifty-six others into the division lobbies of the House of Commons in defiance of the Parliamentary party.

Trade-unionists do not deny the right of expression, but they do deny the right to flout majority decisions in a way that divides the movement in the face of the enemy. It would not have mattered if Mr. Bevan had made speeches contrary to Labour Party policy; his crime lay in going beyond words into the action of voting against the party. The present leadership of the trade unions would do a great deal to stop Mr. Bevan from becoming leader of the Labour Party if there were any serious danger of its happening. The trade unions are the rock on which the Labour Party is built. Without their funds, electoral campaigns would become impossible and the party machine would disintegrate.

But the choice of the leadership of the Labour Party rests with neither the constituency parties nor the trade unions. It is solely a matter for the Parliamentary Labour Party. It is this body that elects the leader. The Parliamentary Labour Party contains trade-unionists, middle-class intellectuals, and a general cross section of trades and professions. Like the members of constituency party committees, they too can readily fall under the spell of Mr. Bevan's eloquence. But their applause at the end of one of his speeches in Commons massacring the Tories is tempered by reflection. They know that he is not a vote winner in the country; that there is no hope, by elevating Mr. Bevan, of attracting the million middle-of-the-road voters whom Labour must have to form a Government with a working majority.

Apart from that narrow consideration of self-interest, the main body of Labour members of Parliament do not regard Mr. Bevan as having the steadiness and stability that the leader of a great party and alternative Prime Minister ought to have. They detect too

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much hysteria and excitability in his approach to critical issues. Like all Britishers, although they admire brilliance they distrust it. In any case, Clement Attlee shows no sign of retiring; and so long as he is willing to be leader of the party, his record and prestige ensure that the leadership is his. Thus Mr. Bevan has no immediate prospects of becoming the leader of the Labour Party, and even after Mr. Attlee has retired the odds are very much weighted against his achieving that ambition.

What Is Bevanism?

What, then, are his chances of influencing Labour Party policy in a new direction? Curiously, except on foreign policy and defense, the differences between Mr. Bevan and the official policy are more of emphasis than of degree. Mr. Bevan says vaguely that the party should be more socialist. He believes in further nationalization, but so do many others. He believes in a fiercer attitude toward the class conflict and a more vigorous berating of the Conservatives on all occasions. But, rhetoric apart, the Britain he is aiming for is not very different from that hoped for by the bulk of the party.

In the field of foreign relations, Mr. Bevan drives the anti-American horse far harder than the official leadership does. It is easy to stir up resentment in a proud country, once the leader of the world and beholden to none, against a powerful ally who from time to time gives a helping hand to a junior partner that has slipped toward economic disaster through fighting the common war harder and longer than anyone else. Despite American good will and attempts at tact, the fact that Britain has so often to follow an American lead is painful. The extent of Britain's dependence on, or knuckling under to, America is deliberately exaggerated by Mr. Bevan and his friends. But to do Mr. Bevan justice, if he were to become Prime Minister he would be far more realistic toward America than his speeches suggest.

On arms, Mr. Bevan's broad proposition is that no matter how much or little the Government says the country ought to spend on them, it should spend rather less. The British arms program has been slowed down. It is now running at about the rate of the rearmament program first projected by the Labour Government before the program was speeded up in January, 1951, to 4.7 billion pounds over three years. After he had resigned, Mr. Bevan and his friends (not, of course, the pacifists and outright fellow travelers) said that they thought the first and lower program was the right one, both militarily and economically, and that it could be carried through without American aid. Now that they have gotten what they asked for, with some American aid on top, Mr. Bevan and his friends still say that the level of arms expenditure is too high.

If Mr. Bevan's policy on arms were carried out, it would mean virtually no expenditure on rearming, as opposed to maintenance, in the defense budget. It would mean that Britain would be

unable to make its promised contribution to western defense. It would mean, through a general collapse of western morale as a result of Britain's defection, that the determination of western Europe to resist Russian aggression would be tremendously diminished.

On the recent Yalu power-plant bombings Bevan took the line that the Opposition motion in the House of Commons should emphatically condemn the raids themselves, not just their timing and the lack of consultation between Britain and America. He wanted the Labour Party to go on formal record in the Commons as branding the United Nations command as mischievous, if not criminally irresponsible. The official Labour leadership held that although the raid on the Yalu River power station *might* endanger truce negotiations and might lead to a geographical extension of the war, that was by no means proved. The party leadership's instinctive approach, unprompted by the Bevanites, was to criticize the Government on its failure to maintain good enough relations with America to assure that Britain would be consulted before an operation of such importance.

Once again Bevan entered on a trial of strength with the official leadership. At a private party meeting he sought to censure Mr. Attlee for the mildness of the official Opposition motion in the House of Commons July 1. This time he could get only fifty-two members to support him. It was a decisive defeat for Bevan, who wanted to make a breach in the bipartisan approach to foreign policy. As it was, the terms of the motion of censure reflected the true feeling of the majority of the Labour Parliamentarians. They were annoyed with the Government for having allowed itself to be put in a position where it was not consulted on such a major issue, but they were determined to do nothing to damage Anglo-American relations.

Standing Orders

Within the Parliamentary Labour Party Mr. Bevan's group of fervent adherents, numbering not more than twenty-five to thirty out of 294 Labour M.P.s, meets regularly and takes decisions almost as though it were a party on its own. This does not endear it to the majority, nor does it enhance the group's chances of success in persuading the Parliamentary party to agree with it.

When Mr. Bevan and the fifty-six others (about thirty of whom were either straight pacifists or not Bevanites in the strict sense) divided the party by vote in the House, the Parliamentary Labour Party reimposed standing orders obliging Labour Members to conform on the floor of the House of Commons with decisions taken at Parliamentary party meetings. It does not seem likely that Mr. Bevan and his friends will breach these standing or-

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ders, although there can be no certainty where Mr. Bevan's turbulent personality is involved. Rather it seems that they will concentrate on agitating within the party and on attempting to browbeat the Parliamentary Labour Party by invoking their support outside Parliament. If there is another vote against the party in the House of Commons, there will almost certainly be fewer than fifty-six dissidents: A second act of defiance would almost inevitably lead to expulsion.

One cannot believe that Mr. Bevan will go so far as to get himself expelled from the party. If he did, he might so weaken Labour as to prevent its winning the next election. But the expense and difficulties of forming a third great party in Britain would be as overwhelming for him as they were for Henry Wallace in the United States. No man or group on the Left has ever fought the Labour Party machine and won.

Instead, Mr. Bevan probably will do all he can to undermine the present leadership by insisting that it lacks efficiency and drive. This has been the tactic of his group in the House of Commons since the last general election. But the group has made little headway, and its behavior has stimulated the Labour leaders into greater activity. As the argument over rearmament becomes blurred and loses topicality, Mr. Bevan will keep shifting his ground; but there seems little prospect that, however hard he tries, he will succeed in winning over the trade unions and the one body which can make him Prime Minister of a Labour Government or give effective expression to his views—the Parliamentary Labour Party.

Florida: Dynamite Law Replaces Lynch Law

WILLIAM S. FAIRFIELD

It was muggy and warm in Jacksonville, even at three in the morning. The polls for Florida's May 27 primary election would be open in a few hours, but now the sound trucks and the radios were silent. The people of Jacksonville slept.

Suddenly, families in a ten-block area were jolted from slumber by a shattering explosion. Police rushed to the scene and found a two-foot hole blasted through the roof of the Walker Vocational and Commercial College, the polling place for Precinct 3-A's 2,291 registered voters, 2,290 of whom are Negroes.

While officers searched for clues, police headquarters received a second call from only a few blocks away. David H. Dwight, president of a Negro voting organization, had found two sticks of dynamite on his front porch, the fuze apparently extinguished by contact with a wet hedge.

Next day, Jacksonville's largest newspaper, the *Florida Times-Union*, was crammed with election stories. The bombing incidents rated only a single-column headline on page 19.

Perhaps Florida, along with the rest of the South, is coming to accept dynamite as an instrument of racial and religious intimidation. In the last several years, the homemade bomb has slowly but steadily replaced the whip and the rope of the Ku Klux Klan.

Since 1949, thirteen Negro homes and business places have been bombed in Dallas alone, together with ten in Birmingham and seven in Atlanta. Other prejudice-inspired explosions have occurred in Miami, New Orleans, Nashville, Chattanooga, and a dozen-odd smaller Southern communities, bringing the total bombings to more than fifty. Since 1949, there have been only seven lynchings in the South.

The switch to dynamite obviously began well before the recent Federal crackdown on active remnants of the Klan, but it was nevertheless governed by very practical considerations. For one thing, bombing avoids the Federal offense of kidnaping. For another, dynamite is self-destroying evidence. Ownership of a rope or whip can often be traced. A pistol slug can be checked by ballistic markings. But when a bomb explodes, the best clues vanish with it. In addition, the use of dynamite requires no hooded mob of accomplices; and if he uses a long fuze, the dynamiter can be miles from the scene by the time the bomb explodes. For these and other reasons, the popularity of dynamite continues to increase among the violently prejudiced.

Catalogue of Horror

The Southern bombing incident which recently has attracted the most national attention occurred last Christmas night in Mims, Florida, where Harry T. Moore, state co-ordinator for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, was killed in an explosion that wrecked one whole side of his frame house. During only the first two weeks of this year, local newspapers in the South carried stories on no fewer than seven "successful"

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bombings. On January 1, three men in Rome, Georgia, confessed to the bombing of a Negro social club, which they described as "a public nuisance." On January 2, dynamite shattered five windows of a rural home in Crossville, Alabama, following an attempted K.K.K. cross burning. On January 3, a homemade bomb exploded in the middle of an Atlanta street. On January 9, an explosion at Phenix City, Alabama, heavily damaged the home of a prominent anti-vice crusader. On January 10, at Oxford, North Carolina, dynamite blasted the home of a Negro farmer built on the former site of a white church. On January 12, a Negro night club in Dallas was struck by dynamite and severely damaged. And on January 13, in Dothan, Alabama, the home of a woman who was to have testified against two white men in a rape case was rocked by a bomb explosion.

If the use of dynamite is increasing in the South, it also seems to be spreading to other sections of the country. On January 18, high-school youths in Philadelphia tossed amateur bombs into a synagogue. On January 29, dynamite exploded on the back steps of the home of Dr. U. F. Bass, a leading Negro physician in Cairo, Illinois. In mid-March, a Jewish community center in Easton, Pennsylvania, was threatened with bombing; and across the nation, in Los Angeles, the home of a Negro high-school science teacher and a house directly across the street were struck by separate dynamite charges.

The Growth of Fear

In the South, where anti-minority activity is a thoroughly developed science, actual bombings form only a small part of the total incidents, and killings are studiously avoided, lest otherwise sympathetic police be forced to take a hand. One explosion, it has been found, gives convincing weight to threats of bombings for weeks to come.

What dynamite can do to a normally peaceful city in terms of fear, anger, and hysteria is perhaps most clearly illustrated by Miami, which is only now calming down after a year-long series of bombings, attempted bombings, and threats directed against Negroes, Jews, and Catholics.

It began in the spring of 1951. On March 7, eight sticks of dynamite destroyed 127 panes of glass at Miami's Jackson High School. Three weeks later, Shenandoah High School was shaken by a similar blast, and five sticks of dynamite exploded against a wall of the downtown Imperial Hotel.

On June 6, Miami police arrested five teen-age boys. All five soon confessed, ascribing the high-school bombings to football rivalries and the Imperial Hotel explosion to an altercation with a prostitute. Racial prejudice was indicated only in a fourth admitted incident, the bombing of a tourist attraction in order to "scare" the Indians who operated it.

The Miami *Herald* and the Miami *Daily News* promptly took up their violins in defense of the boys. John and James Stefanitde, seventeen-year-old twins about to graduate from Miami Senior High School, received front-page treatment. On June 8, the morning *Herald* described the jailed twins as "dark-haired and handsome, and as alike as two pins." The *Herald* reported the twins were "almost tearful" as they "asked anxiously if there was any chance of their taking part in . . . graduation ceremonies." "We never dreamed it would get us in jail," Jim was quoted as saying.

The rival *Daily News* stated that the twins had "coveted [their diplomas] for twelve years" and were "almost in tears." "By filling order sacks at the grocery stores in their after school hours," the *News* added, "they had saved up enough money to buy new suits for the ceremonies."

The twins got to their graduation ceremony with everything but a police escort. Nor was it surprising when two weeks later the trial ended in freedom for four of the youths and prompt release on probation for the fifth.

The local press further pointed the way for what was to follow in Miami by describing, in indirect defense of the five boys, the ease with which dynamite can be obtained. From a single stick to a case, the commodity can be bought as easily, it was variously stated, as "chewing gum" . . . "a toothbrush" . . . "milk and bread." Almost every hardware store handles dynamite. In Dade County outside the metropolitan area, no purchase permit is needed, no records are kept, no questions asked. And if money is a problem, the stuff can be picked up around any excavation project. Miami's bed of coral rock is so solid and so near the surface that even gravediggers are sometimes obliged to blast.

The constant press reminders that bombing ought not to be considered a very serious crime, and that tools for the job are readily available, did not pass unnoticed among Miami's violent bigots, who were at their work again even before the trial of the five boys was over.

On June 5, Tifereth Israel's brand-

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new Jewish community center on the Northside was jarred by an explosion. The rest room where the dynamite had been planted was wrecked. At the same time, local newspapers reported receiving telephoned threats of violence if two other proposed Jewish centers were built. And construction of a fourth Jewish center in suburban Hialeah was held up after a series of anonymous warnings, and finally abandoned.

Meanwhile, local emotions were building up over an unsuccessful private housing development, once white, now opened to Negroes and renamed Carver Village. On September 22, a deafening explosion shook homes in a two-mile radius around Carver Village. Two dynamite charges, later estimated at a hundred sticks each, had been placed against the wall of a vacant Carver building, almost destroying it. A third charge of eighty sticks had failed to detonate. Police pronounced this charge the work of professionals, despite its failure.

A week later, on the evening of September 30, Tifereth Israel's Northside center was threatened again. At ten o'clock, George Weisbaum, its president, received a phone call. The center would be blown up in ten minutes, warned a voice with a guttural German accent. Weisbaum and police hurried to the center, where they discovered a crude hand-painted sign nailed to a cross. The sign contained some swastikas, a Nazi eagle, and several slogans in German, the most literate of which read "Deutshland [*sic*] Uber Alles" and " 'Heil Hitler' und der KKK."

Another week passed. Then on October 8, a man with an accent phoned in another threat, this time to Harold Robbin, vice-president of the Tifereth Israel congregation. Floodlights were set up, and nothing happened.

The next day, however, a second Miami synagogue felt the threat of prejudice. At Temple Israel, a cross and the letters KKK were splashed on the side of a door in red paint. Two sticks of dynamite were found nearby. The fuze had sputtered out.

On October 15, two more sticks of dynamite turned up at the Miami Hebrew School and Congregation in another section of the city. The fuze had likewise gone out prematurely. It was the first day of Succoth, the Jewish Thanksgiving.

Before the next month was out, attention was again focused on Carver Village. Mrs. Chelsie Senerchia, wife of Miami's newly elected mayor, reported two telephone calls from a man with a German accent. "Get the Negroes out of Carver Village or we will blow the whole place apart," she was told.

Just before dawn on November 30, with the Negroes still in Carver Village, the threat was carried out. Windows were broken for blocks around as an explosion all but demolished a second vacant Carver building.

Miami police had placed a guard at Carver Village ever since the September 22 explosion there, but he had seen nothing. Now a group of angry Negroes assembled at the scene, some of them armed. But the best Police Chief Walter Headley could offer was a statement blaming the bombing on someone "with Communist connections."

Sheriff Henderson Gets the Point

Less than forty-eight hours later, in the early morning of December 2, the bombings reached their peak. At 3:57 A.M., a third blast was reported at Carver Village. At 4:30 A.M., a second charge of dynamite was thrown at the Miami Hebrew School and Congregation. This time it went off, smashing forty-four memorial windows. Thirteen minutes later there was another explosion in the southwest section of Miami. The timing was such that all three charges could have been thrown from a single fast-moving car. It was now Sheriff J. B. Henderson's turn to make a statement: "It looks like a wave of bombing," he confided to the press.

The guttural voice was soon heard again, in adjacent Coral Gables. On the evening of December 9, the telephone rang in the home of Coral Gables Safety Director William G. Kimbrough. "A polite man with a heavy accent" came quickly to the point of his call: "We are going to blow the damned synagogue up."

The Safety Director dispatched an all-night guard to the Coral Gables Jewish Center and assigned a patrol car to the area. At 7:30, a boy passing the center discovered a stick of dynamite. The charred fuze was found some twenty-five feet away, evidently jolted loose when the bomb glanced off a nearby tree.

By December 11, Greater Miami was nearing the panic point. Negro and Jewish mothers refused to allow their children out of doors. Miami's Anti-Defamation League office was getting

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a dozen calls daily from cities in the North, asking if it was safe to come to Miami on vacation. Local rabbis were forced to issue a statement condemning "vigilante action" by special groups after Jewish War Veterans chapters had succeeded in getting sworn in by Sheriff Henderson and were preparing to place an armed round-the-clock guard on all Miami synagogues.

The Miami police bomb detail had been expanded from three men to eighty. The entire traffic squad was taken off its motorcycles and staked out, dusk to dawn, at potential bomb targets. Traffic violations rose elsewhere while the police concentrated on writing down the license number of every car that passed. When a car appeared at more than one checkpoint in any day, the owner was traced. Many were indignant, but quite a few admitted they were touring the targets on purpose, hoping to see some action. Police switchboards were jammed with calls reporting loud noises, along with an occasional misguided prankster using a fake German accent.

Up to mid-December, one minority group, the Catholics, had completely escaped the bombings. Then, one night, Safety Director Kimbrough received another call. "Listen carefully," said a guttural voice. "To show we aren't prejudiced against the Jews, we plan to celebrate Christmas by bombing a Catholic church."

Despite vast police preparations, the "celebration" was nearly a success. On the morning of December 24, a stick of dynamite, its fuze half burned, was found on the steps of St. Peter and St. Paul Catholic Church.

A Lull

When the fuze sputtered out, however, so did Miami's dynamite terror. On December 24, State Attorney Glen C. Mincer promised to seek the death penalty for dynamiters and further promised that the perpetrator would be indicted within twenty-four hours and would go on trial within thirty days. On December 27, Governor Fuller Warren posted rewards totaling $6,000 for arrest of the criminals. And on January 8, the then U.S. Attorney General, J. Howard McGrath, announced that he had given the FBI "complete and unlimited authority" to track down those responsible. Evidently these three moves, coupled with the ever-mounting indignation of local civic groups, were sufficient to stay the hands of the terrorists. There were no more bombings.

To date, however, not one really likely suspect has been picked up, despite the fifty-odd FBI agents thrown into the case to bolster the work of city and county law-enforcement staffs. Strong suspicions have developed, but the huge body of circumstantial evidence needed for conviction may never be gathered.

Who Did It?

There are, of course, many theories. The most plausible is that the bombings were the work of not one but at least three separate groups. The earliest explosions were admittedly set off by young thrill seekers. The two large Carver Village blasts differed in several important ways from the attempts on the Jewish buildings and on the Catholic church. The Carver explosions had the professional touch; the dynamite, in large quantities, was expertly placed to do the most damage. The Jewish and Catholic incidents were the work of amateurs; most of the one- and two-stick charges failed to explode simply because the dynamiters didn't know enough to loosen up the fuze casing, thereby easing combustion. Also, the dynamite employed in the big Carver explosions was of a different make from that used almost invariably elsewhere. In addition, the methods varied. The professionals at Carver Village placed their dynamite by hand; apparently the amateurs threw their charges from a moving car.

Splinter elements of the Ku Klux Klan or former Klan members were very likely involved in some of the incidents, since the over-all approach smacked of familiar Klan tactics.

As for the guttural German accent, it may have been faked and adopted as a cover after the first newspaper report of such an accent. Safety Director Kimbrough's wife, who answered the phone each time, believes she talked to two different men using accents. The sign left at the Northside Jewish Center in October was hardly the work of a native German. A man who still had his accent would know how to spell "Deutschland."

If the intervention of the FBI, the rewards posted by Governor Warren, and the warnings of the State Attorney have combined to frighten off the assorted terrorists, they have done little to limit the availability of dynamite throughout Florida. In December, Miami and adjoining communities passed ordinances strictly controlling the purchase, sale, and use of dynamite. Detailed records were required and stiff penalties for violations provided. But Governor Warren refused to call a special session of the Florida legislature, which meets only once every two years, to pass a similar ordinance on a statewide basis. Dynamite can still be purchased in rural parts of Dade County without permit or record, just as it can in most of the rest of Florida.

Until the state legislature meets in 1953, the citizens of Miami cannot relax; tensions return quickly after such incidents as the Primary Day bombing in Jacksonville. The people can only hope that the next Governor, Dan McCarty, will act quickly to force through a dynamite-control law. They realize that a control law is merely a partial solution to the wave of racial and religious bombings. But they also realize that such a law is the practicable part of the solution—that the tools of prejudice can be removed far more easily than the prejudice itself.

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Progressive Education Versus 'Spectatoritis'

William Heard Kilpatrick

FRED M. HECHINGER

WILLIAM HEARD KILPATRICK, by Samuel Tenenbaum. *Harper & Brothers. $4.*

THE children were singing patriotic songs in class one day when teacher discovered that one youngster was mumbling, "My country is a tree."

It was in rebellion against that kind of teaching—meaningless repetition without understanding—that the so-called progressives set out in their search for new ways. They did not call themselves "progressives," but, since it is customary to label everything these days, the label was put on them. Undoubtedly some went astray in their search, finding only new ways to absurdity and exposing themselves to ridicule. But the search did lead to the discovery of new paths and the uncovering of mistakenly abandoned old ones, and, whatever may be said and thought of "progressive education" today, the rebellion has changed the face of all education. There are still only a few "progressive schools" (be it a term of condemnation or of praise) in the country, especially among the public schools, but there is hardly a school that has not been influenced by what was a startling "movement" some half a century ago.

It was a movement which, if not started by the late John Dewey, was organized and rendered practical by him. Dewey's were the words—now almost clichés in their familiarity—of "learning by doing," "the child-centered school," "the activity program." And although Dewey in his lifetime was placed on a pedestal by his uncritical followers and attacked with ridiculous venom by his enemies, the recent death of this leading American philosopher-educator found all responsible voices in agreement that his influence on education and the school has been indelible.

Without any of the jargon of some of the faddists who followed Dewey, the "progressive" idea was expressed most simply by Dewey himself: "Cease conceiving of education as mere preparation for later life and make of it the full meaning of the present life." And he went on: "An activity which does not have worth enough to be carried on for its own sake cannot be very effective as a preparation for something else."

Banquet for a Rebel

Among the leaders of the rebellion, following closely after Dewey, was William Heard Kilpatrick. Recently an assembly of educators, among them many conservatives, honored the "rebel" at a dinner on his eightieth birthday. Dr. John W. Studebaker, once U.S. Commissioner of Education, called him "one of the greatest teachers in the world."

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, the late president of Columbia University, distrusted Kilpatrick's educational ideas but defended him against personal attacks as "an American gentleman and scholar of high standing and deservedly wide influence." But a year and a half ago, when the battle against Willard E. Goslin, superintendent of schools in Pasadena, was joined, one of the charges that helped oust Goslin was that he had invited Kilpatrick to speak at a teachers' workshop. There were wild accusations that Kilpatrick's very presence tended to undermine the city's youth.

In this age of doubt and investigation, plagued with debates which are called great but often are merely loud, education has not been passed by. The battle between the "progressives" and the "traditionalists"—both meaningless terms except in their extremes, where both are absurd—is generating a great deal of heat and practically no light, but it consumes enough time and energy to hurt both progress and tradition in our schools.

The key doctrine of the progressives who followed Dewey and Kilpatrick was that the child must be prepared to live in a world which changes constantly and rapidly. It was not automatically assumed that all the changes, or even most of them, would be for the better. But good or bad, the adolescent would have to cope with them. Education was to be the tool—or the armor—with which men and women could meet change. Eventually, Kilpatrick added, the purpose of education must be to teach how to think, not what to think.

This outrages his opponents, and the reason is understandable. Those who believe that all change is evil can hardly be expected to welcome education that prepares children for a world of change. If the defense of the status quo is to be the sole purpose of the growing generation, then the education required is one that leads to the fighting of unquestioning rear-guard actions. The only way to get young people to

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John Dewey

believe that the world is static, while they are surrounded by progress and retrogression, is to put blinkers on them and teach them what to think.

Foes of modern education keep charging that Dewey's and Kilpatrick's kind of teaching aims at overthrowing the existing social order. The supporters of Dewey and Kilpatrick, and many who disagree with specific "progressive" methods, answer that there is no such thing as an existing order except where it is artificially created, such as in a Communist or other totalitarian state. They insist that all good learning and teaching are based on doubt and inquiry. They recall, says Samuel Tenenbaum in his admiring biography of Kilpatrick, that when Galileo invented the telescope and found spots on the sun, a distinguished professor told his pupils: "You need not be troubled. I have read Aristotle from cover to cover three times, and he nowhere mentions sun spots, so that there is no truth to the idea."

That is one way of dealing with problems. It is a way that has made its inroads into education largely because the early part of the century saw German scholarship at the peak of its influence, and German scholarship had come to be the servant of a society retrogressing from feudalism to totalitarianism. The brief revolt of liberalism had miscarried and did so again in the Weimar Republic, but the world continued to think of German scholarship as liberal.

In many "school battles" the charge is made that modern education leads to collectivism—socialism and Communism. The "counter-revolutionaries" recommend teaching by drill and discipline (mental and physical). In the course of this controversy Kilpatrick has been called "the subversive professor."

Somewhere along the line there is a breakdown or disregard of logic. For if the basis of progressive education is the encouragement of the child's self-expression, then this method would lead to Communism only if human nature were automatically driven to Communism. Both history and the American ideal contradict this. How, on the other hand, drill can be considered the road to individualism is difficult to explain, but the claim is loudly made. If it is true that discipline prevents delinquency—as it is claimed that progressive education breeds it—then the totalitarian states ought to be shining examples of virtue.

The real and fundamental decision must be based on the basic concept of human nature. If man is considered by nature good (and this is surely the intention of the Judeo-Christian idea of man's creation in God's image), then the progressive idea of education through reason seems adequate. If man is by nature a brute and by inclination corrupt, then the advocates of drill and punishment have a point, but it is a point which from the outset rules out popular government and democracy.

Back to the Three R's in Russia

Whatever technical flaws there may be in the Deweyan method, its theory combines the approach of reason and freedom. Dewey bluntly told his critics: "It is less important that we all believe alike than that we all alike inquire freely and put at the disposal of one another such glimpses as we may attain of the truth for which we are in search."

At the risk that this article will be quoted out of context, it must be said that the most lucid lesson in the entire controversy was taught by Soviet Russia. When American progressive methods first became internationally known, the Soviets, then still pretending that they were interested in progress, embraced those methods. When Kilpatrick went to Russia in the 1920's, he saw much that he liked in the Soviet teaching system, especially as compared with the educational feudalism in other parts of Europe.

But even then Kilpatrick knew that the forces behind the façade were vicious and self-defeating. On September 10, 1929, in Moscow, he wrote in his diary: "It was sad—this propaganda of the worst type, a caricature of truth." Kilpatrick knew that such teaching could never turn out citizens who would "think for themselves instead of just thinking as their leaders tell them."

It is also interesting that the man whose teaching is being attacked as leading to the subservience of the individual to "socialist statism" told an audience at Yenching University in 1929 that the fatal flaw in Soviet indoctrination was that "pupils and teachers are used as means to an end, for a social program without considering what is best for the pupil himself."

The Russian rulers soon found that they had been fatally wrong. If they wanted to preserve the status quo of Soviet imperialism and of Stalinist-Leninist doctrine, they could not afford to emphasize teaching how to think at the expense of teaching what to think. Russian schools returned to the system of drill, repetition, memory, and unquestioned authority. The "progressives" were liquidated. Shatsky, who had been Kilpatrick's leading Russian disciple, escaped liquidation by committing suicide in the early 1930's.

Kilpatrick estimated that Stalin set the Russian educational system back by seventy-five years. Russia's officially stated reason for scrapping the "progressive" system was that under it children failed to learn enough. Ironically, that charge is also being made

Nicholas Murray Butler

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by the opponents of the modern American school.

Expression vs. Exhibitionism

There are legitimate complaints against modern education. Many of the imitators of Dewey and Kilpatrick have neither the strength nor the intelligence to keep the "progressive" idea above the level of cult and fad. Some of the early consciously progressive schools made a mockery of the idea by turning the attempt to encourage self-expression into a riot of exhibitionism.

The unskilled teacher attempting to follow Dewey and Kilpatrick is likely to turn education into a farce. The mere granting of "permission" for self-expression, as parodied in countless cartoons, is neither progress nor education. Dewey repeatedly pointed out that the development of *self*-discipline is one of the basic aims of modern education, adding that it is the most enduring form of discipline. Discipline, he said simply, should come from within, not from without.

Good teaching under the modern method takes an unheard-of amount of guidance and demands more teacher preparation than any traditional approach. Kilpatrick's diary proves this. When he found his class unresponsive, he was "sore at heart" over his own failure. Here are some of the entries that show that modern teaching is not a lazy man's escape from hard work:

"In the night think over my lesson and decide that I cannot use it for lack of books. . . ." (This should be a warning to those who think that the modern "learning by doing" method excludes the proper use of books. The point is that books become an aid rather than a static end in themselves.)

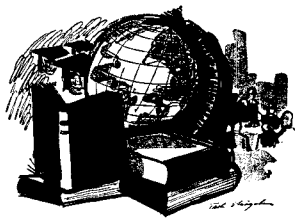
"On the whole a good discussion, but some cannot reason with discrimination. I must, however, soon get down to earth or some of the practical-minded will get uneasy . . ."

"Have a poor discussion in Ed. 106 partly because the subject is difficult, partly because I had not prepared last night. I left the room feeling whipped almost . . ."

"I work twice as hard in Philosophy and it goes only half as well. I simply fell down in my judgment on how things should work . . ."

To those on either side of the fence who claim that in modern education the teacher's role is a minor one, Kilpatrick says: "In any school learning, it is the teacher that represents the wisdom of the race."

Some of the progressives have given way to the extremist view that knowledge is either unnecessary or downright harmful, and that play is acceptable as a substitute for study just because their mentors Dewey and Kilpatrick have endorsed the play method of learning. From the old extreme, which made a fetish of the meaningless accumulation of undigested facts and threatened to lead to a "quiz-kid" civilization, they



turned to banishing content and substance altogether. They substituted empty method. What Dewey and Kilpatrick aimed at, however, was not to outlaw knowledge but to make facts the servants of thought. Kilpatrick said: "When . . . you swing, you swing and that's all. You can't do anything else in connection with it." But, he continued, "While you go hiking, you talk and meet with people; you may observe birds and trees; you may have to cook or cope with the elements." This is not the theory of play or self-expression for its own sake—it leads to something bigger, more important.

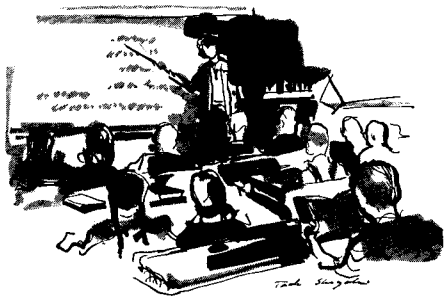
'Spectatoritis'

Dewey and Kilpatrick rarely, if ever, thought of their teaching as "progressive." What they did stress was the "project method," and as the reporter travels through the country today, he finds that there are few teachers who do not use that method in one way or another. One might add that even before the term was coined, good teachers through the ages used the method, except during those frequent lapses into authoritarianism when experimentation and doubt tended to lead to jail, burning at the stake, or other forms of unpleasantness.

But Kilpatrick sees added reason for "learning by doing" today. The child in the rural or pioneer society, he says, did in fact learn everything, except the three R's, by doing. But urban and industrial civilization has changed this. Now the child finds the milk in bottles on the doorstep, not in the cow. Machines and gadgets simplify life without making life comprehensible. Even entertainment is no longer created in the family or the neighborhood: It arrives already canned by impersonal, commercialized professionals. For this new passive living, with its "spectatoritis," Kilpatrick believes that the old education is totally inadequate. The project method, on the other hand, furnishes some of "the raw first-hand experience that the urban child normally cannot obtain otherwise."

None of this is radically new. "Spectatoritis" replaced the Greek ideal of independent action and thought when the Roman emperors provided the crowds with public entertainment instead of public education. It was left to Christianity to free the numbed minds of the people. When a prominent educator recently outlined the "individual" curriculum and the seminar approach used in his school, I asked how all this differed from the Oxford tutorial system. "Not at all," he replied. Then he added that Socrates applied some "progressive" methods long before Oxford.

To Dewey's and Kilpatrick's disciples there may be little encouragement in Socrates' fate. But then it may be a measure of progress that the poison cup has gone out of fashion, and that Dewey after his death received the tributes even of those who disagreed with him.



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Mr. Liebling's Strange Chicago

MEYER LEVIN

CHICAGO, THE SECOND CITY, by A. J. Liebling. Drawings by Steinberg. *Knopf, $2.50.*

JOE LIEBLING'S survey is best ticked off by his own description of a Chicago strip-tease joint. "A master or a mistress of ceremonies introduces the girls and, in the course of his remarks, listlessly insults a stooge in the audience. ('Why don't you borrow two dollars and go out and get rid of them pimples?' . . .)"

The methodic insult is a routine attention getter in journalism as in show business, but the really skillful insulter is expected somewhere in the act to get under the skin of his subject. Mr. Liebling offers a few "rube" letters that arrived after his articles appeared in the *New Yorker,* to prove that he got the hicks mad.

For that matter, so did his predecessors, Lait and Mortimer, with *Chicago Confidential.* And oddly enough, the level of perception and information in the two books is not greatly different, horrifying as this might seem to all three authors. Like Mortimer and Lait, Liebling seems to feel it is important to tell how to get a call girl, and what hotels are supposedly run by the Syndicate, and to rehash the St. Valentine's Day Massacre. His style is of course more amusing, spiced with the required supercilious asides. But he found so little to report about Chicago that even this thin little volume is spaced out with two-page digressions about his war experiences.

The Wasteland

It is sad journalism, symptomatic of dead-end sophistication. The reporter from New York came fully equipped with the Chicago legend. Gangsters shooting each other in the streets, and every elevator boy a poet. He stayed for nearly a year, but the city did not live up to its reputation. No color.

What did he trouble to look at during that time? An inordinate amount of attention is given to bars. The West Madison Street dives are repeatedly mentioned, and "All the men you see in bars along streets like Rush and Division are in uniform as hoods. The hair shines, the hats are down over the eyes, the well-spaced-out orders for beer escape from the corners of the mouths, and with no need to punch the time-clock in Goldblatt's department store until eight o'clock next morning, the boys are at liberty to listen to the two-piano team and look sinister. . . ."

Alas, brother, Goldblatt's employees are much more likely to be found in a Logan Square bowling alley than on touristy Rush Street.

Aside from examining the bars, Liebling went for the theaters. Here he gloried in the dismal void. The few "cultured" Chicagoans he knew informed him that they air-hopped to New York to see the shows. Even the drama critics went periodically to New York because most shows no longer came to Chicago. A bleak cultural waste.

Well, maybe the Chicago reaction is not entirely due to provincialism. This Chicagoan, something of a theater man, has lived in New York through the past year without once feeling the urge to go to the theater. Nothing seems really worth the effort or the money. Maybe the theater is dead in Chicago because it is dead in New York, and Chicagoans don't have enough self-deception or enough tolerance to keep on trying to see good in bad shows.

After absence of theater, Mr. Liebling brooded over the demise of Chicago as a literary center. Only Nelson Algren, author of *The Man with the Golden Arm,* was holding down the fort once manned by Sandburg, Masters, Floyd Dell, Sherwood Anderson, and Ben Hecht. Now it is odd, and revealing of the misconception people have of Chicago, that Liebling identifies its literary life with this particular list of writers. Only one of them, Carl Sandburg, may be said to have contributed to the composite portrait of the city that lives in American literature.

Chicago has been more thoroughly portrayed than any other American scene, for it remains the symbolic American city. From *The Pit* of Frank Norris through *The Jungle* of Upton Sinclair, through Dreiser's big Chicago novels, through Sandburg to Farrell, Levin, Halper, Richard Wright, and Algren, there has been a continuity far more noteworthy than the contribution of any particular group at a particular period. Undoubtedly there are young writers in Chicago today, not yet known to us, whose work will carry on this tradition.

Pork, Grains, Tripe

But it is questionable whether a city like Chicago is to be understood at all through a measure of its productivity in the arts. New York has a great communications industry; Chicago has steel, railroads, pork, and grains. To some extent, the reporter must try to present the city in terms of its own inhabitants. Liebling, after marking the low state of writing and publishing in Chicago, amusedly points out that it is, however, the center of the printing industry.

Well, when one considers the kind of tripe that is being encouraged in the writing and publishing center of New York nowadays, it is perhaps just as

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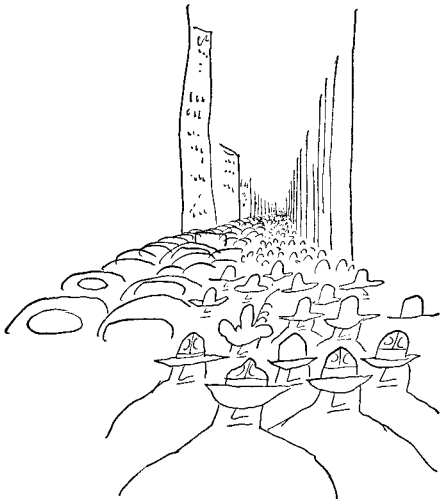


creative and more honorable to be a printer. But moral issues aside, shouldn't a report on Chicago tell us something of the way of life of the inhabitants, even if they are only printing craftsmen? Among such, I happen to know, there are even people who could be told about in sophisticated terms. I am thinking of a solemn compositor who belonged to a nudist colony and conducted a crusade in the camp to eliminate discrimination against Jews.

Indeed, one senses in this book a rather strong resistance to making contact with the people of Chicago, a resistance that perhaps accumulates in the professional reporter who must always penetrate new relationships, new environments. He compensates by what he considers his acuteness of perception, convincing himself that he can get the inside sense of a place by the outside "feel." Thus, Liebling gets at what seems to him the arch Chicago personality—Colonel McCormick—by sitting in his radio audience, once. McCormick's Chicago *Tribune,* building and all, is treated as the very symbol of the city, and the Colonel is given fuller treatment than any other Chicagoan. Thus the eccentric is served up as the typical.

And by the same token, the typical is made to seem eccentric. Mr. Liebling bestirs himself to interview a typical ward alderman, and produces some funny quotes. The ward includes the Gold Coast as well as slums, and the alderman remarks that he goes to no extra trouble for the Gold Coasters because after all, each of them has only one vote, like anybody else.

A remark like that is only tossed in for a laugh. But out of this same ward heeler's philosophy, out of this same ward boss's organization, came such men as Senator Paul Douglas and Governor Adlai Stevenson. The Gold Coast aldermen and the Jake Arveys and the politicking Commissioners of Sewers can all be played for laughs. You can paint your typical alderman as a slangy old tough who had the beer mobs playing in his alleys, or you can paint him as a university professor, an alderman son of an alderman, a Robert E. Merriam who is in politics out of conviction. To do a real job, you have to go out and get into contact.

'First in Typicality'

Aside from human contact, there is physical observation. Chicago seems an open and obvious place, but whether the way of life of the vast middle and lower-middle class, whether the activities in the neighborhood communities and suburbs can be perceived truly from a moving automobile is doubtful.

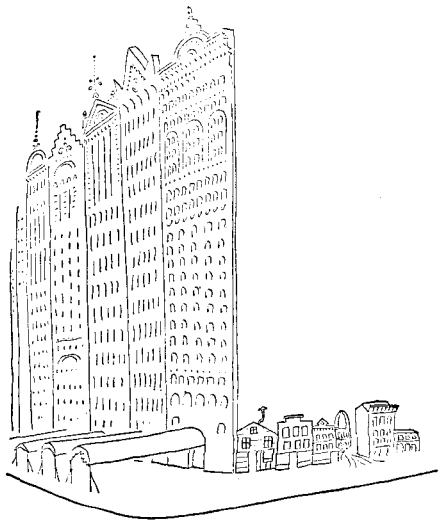
The physical Chicago is presented only in terms of ugliness and sameness. Chicago, like Brooklyn, like Baltimore, indeed has vast stretches of identical blocks and slums. And it is perfectly true that Chicago presents a worst first view to the newcomer, as has been remarked by everyone who has ridden from the airport through miles of nondescript small-business streets, or who has come by rail into the city, experiencing the trackside's horrendous rear view of slum dwellings with their trashy back yards and dilapidated porches. Steinberg's twice-reproduced drawing showing the false-front Lake Shore Drive skyscrapers masking ramshackle back streets is valid comment which Chicagoans themselves are quickest to make. It would be only fair to add that behind the back streets are vast developments in two-family houses and small apartment buildings, and beyond these are some of the most comfortable homeowners' suburbs to be found anywhere. Many of these have high-standard schools, and community arrangements that set the pattern for the low-cost-home suburbs that are mushrooming all over the country—notably on Long Island. Maybe this is not the brightest, smartest kind of living, but it is the trend of American living today, and Chicago, as always, comes first in typicality.

In viewing the city, it is easy to have fun with the Tribune Tower, and Mr. Liebling calls it ". . . an example of Wedding-Cake Gothic . . . The architect, I have always thought, should have finished it off with a gigantic double scoop of ice cream, topped by an illuminated cherry." He neglected to mention that, a few blocks away, Chicago has the new Lake Front group by Miës van der Rohe, regarded in architectural circles as more pure, more nearly perfect, than the Lever Brothers' soap-opera glass house in New York. Or that Frank Lloyd Wright found his style in Chicago.

But there is no object in swapping points here. Chicago has always been a frankly gray, tawdry, sprawling city, with slums that have never been hidden. They never, even outwardly, look like other buildings, as they may in New York or Paris. They are real lowdown junkyard slums; Chicagoans have the stink of the slums in their noses, and sporadically do something to fix up the matter. Not much, but as much as people do in most cities.

Race Relations

What can confuse the passing stranger is the admixture of slums with industrial territory. Freight yards, cross-country trucking garages, mail-order plants, structural-iron depots, gravel dumps, and warehouses are all mixed with slum-housing areas and with the earliest Federal housing projects in the decaying central area of the city near the Loop. It is not decaying so much as undergoing change; residential areas are becoming industrial and warehousing areas; auto throughways are being pushed through, and a city that grew up unplanned, like most American cit-



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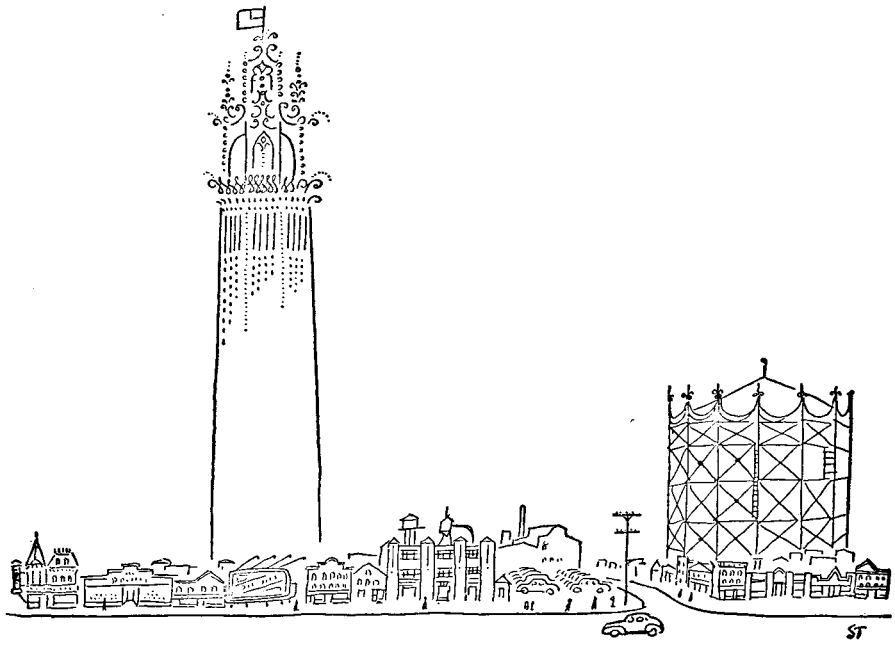

ies, is slowly, very slowly, being shaped to a plan.

Meanwhile, depressed elements of the population live in these areas—Negroes, Mexicans, and others. Liebling saw a bit of this life and remarked that the crowd of young men around the Negro magazine *Ebony* seemed among the most alert and creative elements in the city. But while noting that masses of Negroes are pouring into Chicago, he described their situation in the city as dreadful, generalizing about frequent outbreaks of violence and offhandedly dismissing the efforts of such bodies as the mayor's Commission on Human Relations.

The racial tensions in Chicago are indeed terrific, but the accommodations have been equally unusual. And some credit for this must be given to the Commission on Human Relations, the first of its kind. It has now been copied in many American cities. Many neighborhoods have been penetrated by the Negroes. There are long streets of decent residences, as well as slum areas, occupied by Negroes.

A Walk Through the Loop

On a recent visit I was impressed with the feeling that the Negroes are truly, freely visible as a part of the life of this city. In business offices, public places, downtown stores, and public offices, the Negro is no longer a token representative. A walk through the Loop, contrasted with a walk through New York's Times Square area or financial district, brought out sharply this quality of ease, belongingness, of the Negroes in Chicago.

It is to be noted, too, that segregation has a slightly different quality in Chicago, where traditionally neighborhoods are often sharply defined in national group patterns. Liebling indeed observed this, and ticketed it as something backward. Americans of Italian, Polish, German, Irish, or Jewish extraction, he noted, were prone to live in their group-defined neighborhoods unto the third generation.

Perhaps instead of being something to decry, this is something to study. Perhaps there is a clue in it to the richness of family ties, to cultural activities that can keep people busy and amused even when the downtown theater becomes played out. During the war, in making an OWI film in Chicago, I covered a folk-dance festival. Though I thought I knew the city well, I was astonished at the range of the groups and at the intensity with which the third and fourth generations had cultivated the arts of their ancestral lands. There may be a cycle of identification here that gives the Chicagoan a little more depth than Mr. Liebling allowed.

Mr. Liebling dutifully visited the site of the St. Valentine's Day massacre. He might have visited the scene of another massacre, the steel plant where pickets were shot down on Memorial Day, 1937. He might have found that there is meaning in Chicago as a working city as well as a onetime gangster city. His displeasure, however, extended even to such high places as the University of Chicago. It was a mess. Kids in diapers were getting degrees.

It is Mr. Liebling's thesis that the city might have amounted to something in the old days when it was a striving community, growing fast, obsessed with the notion of attaining first place as a world municipality. But Chicago ran out of steam, he thinks, about the time its magnates muffed the opportunity to grab up the automobile industry. It now knows it is in second place for sure, that it may even slip to third place, and he contends that this second-place mentality has robbed the city of verve and braggadocio, originality, and character. It is now a gray, dull wasteland.

Though born and raised in Chicago during the bumptious period of its reputation, I cannot recall having absorbed with the steel-tanged air this urban ambition to reach first place or bust. It was always my sense, rather, that Chicago's pride was in its destiny to remain the most representative American city rather than to become the biggest. This I still feel.

To be obsessed with being the biggest is surely more symptomatic of the New Yorker, who, in his insecurity, imputes to every other citizen his own values. Perhaps that is why the observer from New York finds it so hard to understand other American cities; perhaps that is why he has to confine himself in his attitude of superiority.

If Mr. Liebling found Chicago grayish, if he found its intelligentsia grown suddenly serious and given to the seemingly faddish study of the Great Books, he was possibly encountering the present American note. There is bewilderment everywhere, and a feeling that maybe we can get somewhere by digging for meanings.

Chicago is no longer a pimply-faced youth, but a square-headed drinker with a few lines in his face, sitting there preoccupied. He doesn't even hear the routine wisecracks. He is at least *trying* to think.

Maybe he is ill equipped for it. All right, then, he is willing to go home and try to read some books. Even to sit around with other people and try to get at what's troubling everybody.

Might it not be that in this mood, again and as always, Chicago is America?

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Dynamite law replaces lynch law: Above, sign left at a Jewish community center; below, Negro housing development after bombing **(see page 31)**

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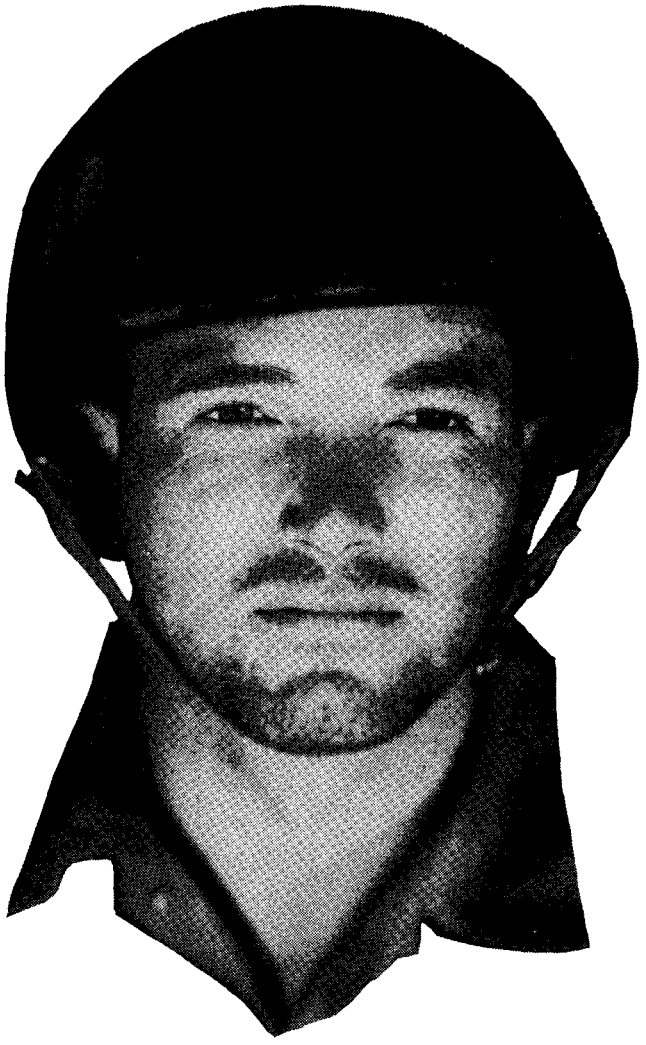
First Lieutenant Henry A. Commiskey, USMC Medal of Honor



ONE SEPTEMBER DAY, near Yongdungp'o, Korea, Lieutenant Commiskey's platoon was assaulting a vital position called Hill 85. Suddenly it hit a field of fire from a Red machine gun. The important attack stopped cold. Alone, *and armed with only a .45 calibre pistol,* Lieutenant Commiskey jumped to his feet, rushed the gun. He dispatched its five-man crew, then reloaded, and cleaned out another foxhole. Inspired by his daring, his platoon cleared and captured the hill.

Lieutenant Commiskey says:

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